Betrayal of Passion: When Lust Turns to Violence

ON OUR BACKS

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN

JULY/AUGUST 1992
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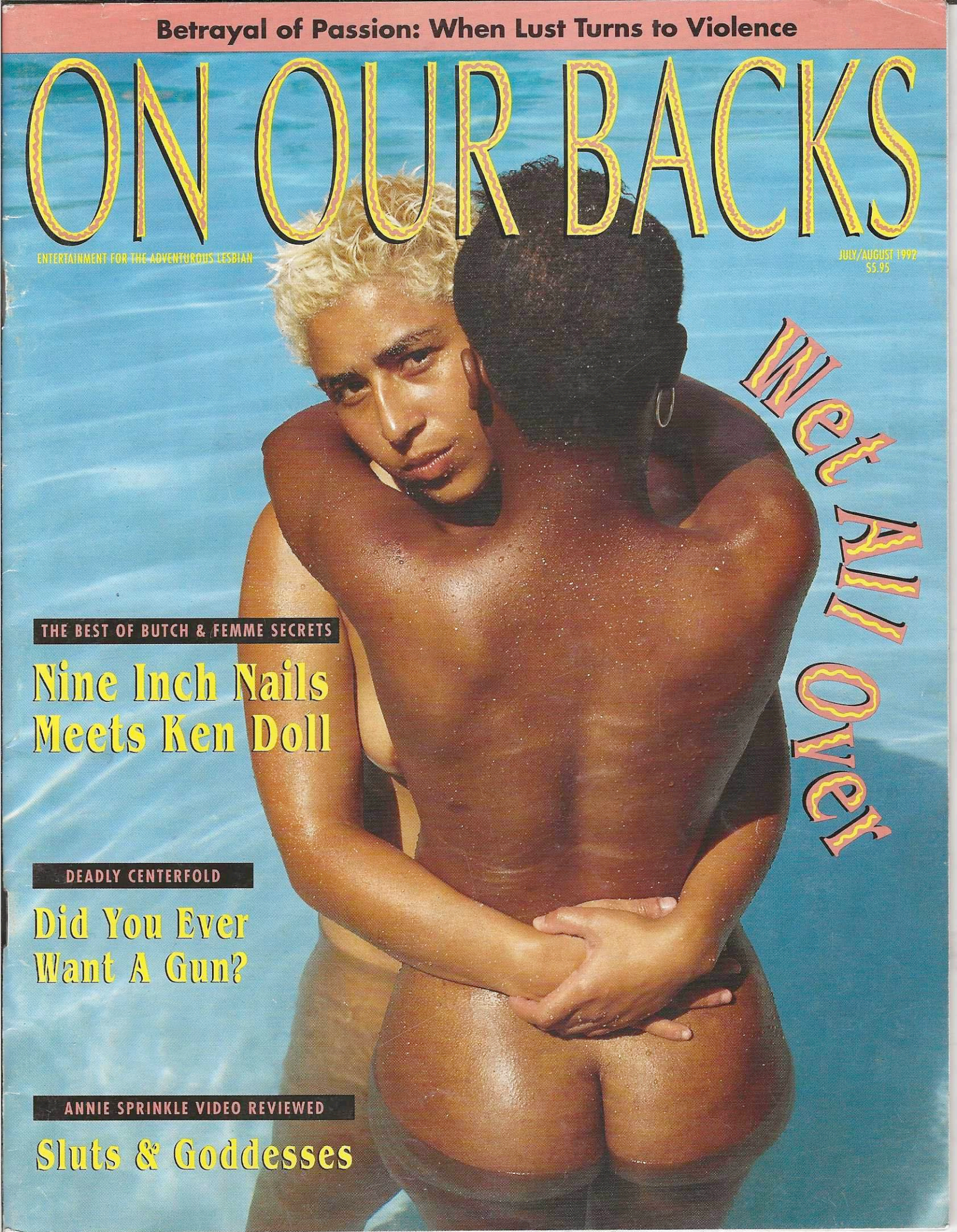

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This exciting video by sex professional Fanny Fatale teaches you how to awaken *your* ability to ejaculate. Discover what kinds of orgasms and which muscles enhance the G-Spot's role in female ejaculation. Learn why this long ignored art is good for you—and why *not* ejaculating can be unhealthy. Watch Fanny and three other women demonstrate astonishing ejaculations. This informative gem in the field of women's sexuality is a liberating experience not to be missed.

Photography by Phyllis Christopher

TOTALLY LESBIAN VIDEOS!

FATALE

Dear Friend:

Fatale Video started lesbian erotic videos because we wanted rarely-seen lesbian sexual images celebrated and visible. Our goal is to convey real-life lesbian sex which lesbians can appreciate and relate to. Lesbians are on the vanguard of sexual expression, and *Fatale* gives voice to the many types, characters, fantasies, and sex techniques that make up the vast range of lesbian love.

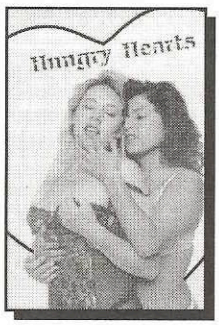
Clits Up!

Nan
Debi

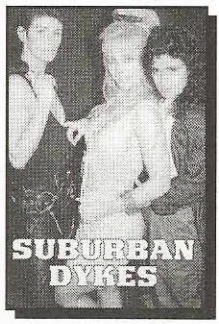
Premier Collection 5 for $125

or $34.95 ea.

SHADOWS Terri and Caerage appear again as a lesbian couple who let us in on their leather scene. After a motorcycle ride, femme Caerage leads butch Terri down to a basement resplendent in restraining paraphernalia. Hours of sucking, fucking, whipping, riding, and performing end in a blow out orgasm in a sling.



HUNGRY HEARTS Pepper and Reeva star as a newly-in-love couple who escape to an ocean beach retreat for a weekend of blissful sex and love. Reeva, a voluptuous blonde goddess, seduces her sensual Latina lover with a sultry erotic dance. Pepper, overcome with deep love and desire, orchestrates a beautiful and unusual bondage scene in the Japanese hot tub. A day of ardent loving culminates in a passionate scene by the fireplace. Reeva straps on her dildo and harness and gives Pepper a taste of her own fire.



PRIVATE PLEASURES Few couples are as knock-out, drop-dead gorgeous as handsome, brunette Terri and blonde, femme bombshell Caerage. Even fewer couples know each other so completely, desire each other so thoroughly and are so sexually comfortable. In a ritzy penthouse apartment they dress up for each other's pleasure, then pop the champagne, lick off the whip cream and end up down on the floor in a fucking scene that will astonish you.

CLIPS Greta stars in the first of three vignettes in a computer-enhanced version of self-love indulgence. The second vignette features safe sex play and bondage with scarves between a free-spirited couple. In the last vignette, Fanny Fatale gets the attention of her Wall Street reading yuppie butch spouse, played by Kenni Mann, when she masturbates in front of the TV to a screaming G-spot ejaculation. Kenni finally puts her beer down and lets her dyke-cock out for a wild rise.

SUBURBAN DYKES Pepper and Nina Hartley star as a suburban couple who discover the fun of using sexual services and add some playfulness to their sex life. First they call a phone sex service and masturbate to a scintillating fantasy by Mistress Marlayna and learn something new about each other's desire. Pleased and excited with the success from that adventure, they hire a butch from a lesbian escort service. Enter Sharon Mitchell who will make dyke hearts palpitate as she takes control of satisfying both women in a raw threesome orgy.

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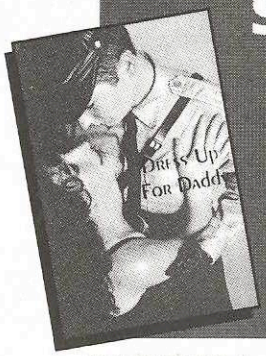
BurLEZk Live and **BurLEZk Live 2** The first and longest running women-only striptease show in the country! Every week for three years at a lesbian bar in San Francisco, over 100 erotic performance artists danced into the hearts and clits of more than 20,000 women. These two videos feature live footage from this historical and memorable event. Black Kokomotion rips up the stage, Ramona rocks and rolls, and classy Tiger performs traditional burlesque while compy Stella sings to her dildo and Fanny Fatale does a safe sex dance. Pepper and Reeva from *Hungry Hearrts* do their love act and Shelly Mars performs as Martin, an act which landed her a part in the German cult classic, *The Virgin Machine*. 12 dancers in all.

Lesbian Amateur Videos $29.95 ea.



Fatale started an amateur line called Dykestyles, because so many real life lesbian couples wanted to enact their private sexual fantasies and activities on camera for other dykes to watch and enjoy.

DRESS UP FOR DADDY These real-life lesbian lovers enact the forbidden "Daddy" fantasy. They use dress up and role play to express their sexual feelings for each other. The action is realistic, romantic, and bursting with sexual energy. This video captures two truly gifted sexual beings enjoying what comes so naturally to them. Their luscious sensuality will leave you dripping.

BATHROOM SLUTS features a group of five lesbians who engage in group sex, bondage, shaving, various forms of penetration and a rare glimpse of a dominant butch getting off without giving up her control. They play hard and safe.In an interview at the end, the women discuss their motives and feelings about doing the video.

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ON OUR BACKS

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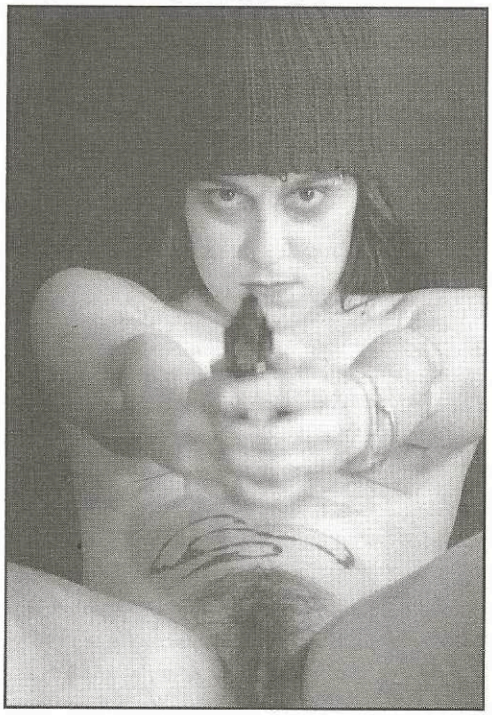

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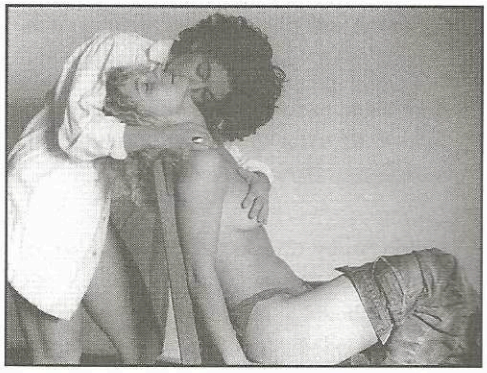

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Odette Pelletier is a French Canadian photographer currently living in Toronto. Her collection, Pictures Without Walls, will be shown in the U.S. (San Francisco) in July. Photos may be purchased by sending $25 for an 8x10 or $45 for an 11x14 (money order only) to Salt & Pepper Pictures, 14 Simpson Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4K-1A2.

Odette Pelletier

Wickie Stamps is a 42-year-old lesbian writer. Her work, which has been published throughout the gay and lesbian press, explores the forces which have shaped her life: sex, violence, anger, mercy, and compassion.

Abs Bennett likes walking in the rain, a good pump in the gym, and being spanked while watching reruns of *The Brady Bunch*.

Sara Whitman continues to write erotica, ever diligent in her endless, personal research. She has yet, contrary to her mother's forewarning, to go blind.

Mimi=Freed is a freek.

Kris Kovic is the author of *What I Love About Lesbian Politics is Arguing with People I Agree With* (Alyson, 1991).

Chloe Atkins planning a gay future.

Treyce Cilona is an artist and photographer who is out for validity without compromise, control without fear, and a revolution from male perpetuated insanity—by any queens necessary.

Chloe Atkins has been a freelance photographer in San Francisco since 1987, providing editorial and advertising photos for publications as well as personal portraits and artistic portfolios.

Mindy Spatt is a San Francisco based writer and activist.

New York cartoonist **Jennifer Camper** is desperately trying to stay out of trouble, and occasionally she's successful.

Elaine "Ruby Cheeks" Peebles and her jet-setting friend Elka enjoy making creative, erotic, artistic photos and videos. Playing fantasy roles and looking for other bi women is their passion. They would love to hear from "Girls Like Us."

Molly Kiely is an art school dropout from Canada. She lives in San Francisco and likes Jupiter 3.

Molly Kiely after a session with Jupiter.

PLENTIFUL SISTER, HUMOROUS WITCH . .

Saw the letter in the March/April issue from the woman wanting pictorials of fat women. Thank you, Seattle! This is one Sister of Plenty who'd be glad to oblige.

To the Houston witch—as a long-time practicing pagan myself, I'm surprised that I've never come across the doctrines requiring the lack of imagination and general humorlessness that apparently form the basis of your personal practice. Your ignorance of publishing is apparent in your blaming Annie Sprinkle for not producing something that reflects your viewpoint, as if there were no editorial process involved in producing a magazine—and as if that was her job. Wake up, lighten up, educate yourself, and then speak up.

My heartfelt thanks to the editors, publishers and contributors of *On Our Backs* for their devotion to their readers' pleasure. I spend some of my best time with you.

Kathleen D. Madigan
Elgin, IL

NOT FOR HUMANS ONLY . . . .

Help! I need an emergency supply of refills for my love kit. The dog got into my room and tore through them. I also need another copy of the instructions—the dog chewed them up. Hope this doesn't mean my love life is going to the dogs!

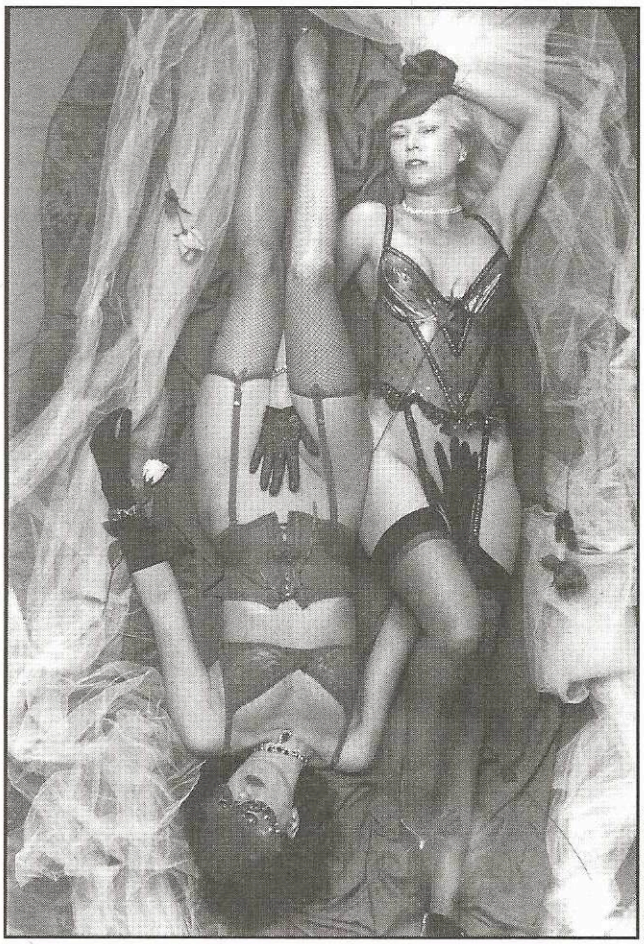
J. R.
Claremont, CA

PRIVATE RACISTS? . . . . . .

I want to congratulate you on the videos you have produced for lesbians. It is such a relief to watch something made with my desires in mind. I must, however, register a complaint. On the first page of the March/April *On Our Backs* ("Totally Lesbian Videos!") there is a synopsis of *Private Pleasures* that goes into great detail about Terri and Caerage, but completely omits the masturbation sequence with Mariko. This is strange, considering the sequence is so important to the film's climax.

Your omission reinforces the video's portrayal of Mariko. There is no obvious connection between Mariko and the lovers; she is the slave. She has no active role as voyeur or even as fantasizer. As such she appears to fulfill the typical objectified role of the passive Asian woman, especially since she acts on no one but herself. Fatale betrays itself by repeating this stereotyping of the non-threatening Asian woman, and failing to include her in the synopsis seems racist.

Rebecca Overmyer-Velazquez
San Francisco, CA



NORTHLIGHT STUDIOS

REAL FLANNEL IN HUMBOLDT . . .

Come on, kids! Who are ya'll trying to kid? The flannel dykes you featured (March/April) were more like flannelettes. My friends and I up here in Humboldt are wondering why you didn't look for your flannels here. Too realistic? Do we scare you city gals? Hm.

Yours in Lipstick and Flannel,
Maureen Harrington
Eureka, CA

I would love to go hunting for some real flannel girls in the wild! Had I known that Humboldt harbored genuine flannel dykes I'd have been there with my camera and Cris Williamson tapes in a hot minute. How about picking me up in your jeep on your next trip to San Francisco? Seriously, do call when you're in the city.

—Phyllis Christopher,
Photography Editor

EVEN HOUSEWIVES GET PUSSY . . .

I have an ulterior motive in submitting my photography to *On Our Backs*: I would like to meet other women who would enjoy playing with us in our photo sessions. We're both married housewives trapped in the suburbs. It's hard to meet other ladies who share my interest in such "fringe" behavior. Married bisexual women are just as isolated as the rest of the lesbian community.

Elaine "Ruby" Peebles
Weston, MA

Letters should be sent to Letters Editor, On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Every letter must be accompanied by the sender's name and address and should be printed or typed. Letters may be shortened or edited for clarity.

The following letter was sent to the **Senate Judiciary Committee** by the newly formed **Ad Hoc Committee of Feminists For Free Expression** in response to the Judiciary Committee's consideration of the **Pornography Victims' Compensation Act.** The letter, which speaks eloquently for itself, was signed by 180 prominent feminists.

We, the undersigned feminist women, write to oppose the misnamed Pornography Victims' Compensation Act, S.1521. Supposedly an aid to victims of violent crimes, it scapegoats speech as a substitute for action against violence. Rape, battery and child molestation are vicious crimes that this nation should take every measure to eliminate. But S.1521 will do crime victims more harm than good.

The premise of S.1521—that violence is "caused" by words and images—is false. Violence against women and children flourished for thousands of years before the printing press and motion picture, and continues today in countries like Saudi Arabia and Iran, where no commercial sexual material is available. Correlation studies in this country, Europe, and Asia, find no rise in sexual violence with the availability of sexual material. No reputable research shows a causal link between "obscenity" or "child pornography" and violence.

S.1521 damages crime victims by diverting attention from the substantive triggers to violence. Violence is caused by deeply-rooted economic, family, psychological, and political factors, and it is these that need addressing. Do so and you will gain the confidence and votes of millions of American women and men.

S.1521 is a logical and legal muddle. It reinforces the "porn made me do it" excuse for rapists and batterers. This country does not accept get-off-the-hook reasoning for other crimes; we should not accept it for crimes most often committed against women. S.1521 does not even require a criminal conviction before a victim of violence may sue a bookseller or distributor for supposed causality. Criminals may go free, perhaps to rape again, while booksellers are punished.

Other confusions of S.1521 present themselves. If a book is judged obscene in Louisville, Kentucky, it can be deemed a cause of a crime. The same book, judged not obscene in the nearby city of Lexington, cannot be the cause of crime. Further, if Congress is certain that books and videos cause crime, why blame only books or videos on sexual themes? Why not blame the Bible, which scores of people every year cite as justification for abuse and murder? John List, who was discovered by the police two years ago after killing his mother, wife, and three children for "religious" reasons, is only one of the more notorious examples.

S.1521 is book banning by bankruptcy. It will suppress across the nation sexual material that may be offensive to some people in some communities. S.1521 makes it easy to bring frequent suits for unlimited money damages against booksellers, publishers, and distributors. Even if material is judged not obscene and not a cause of crime, legal costs will be ruinous to book, art, and movie makers.

The most likely outcome of S. 1521 is that crime victims will in no way benefit while producers and distributors are put out of business. And the threat of court suits will create a chilling effect as all those engaged in free speech, in an effort to avoid the risk of liability, self-censor much material that is legal and valuable, and should be available to citizens in a democratic society.

Feminist women are especially keen to the harms of censorship, legislative or monetary. Historically, information about sex, sexual orientation, reproduction and birth control has been banned under the guise of "morality" and the "protection" of women. Such restrictions have never reduced violence. Instead, they have led to the jailing of birth control advocate Margaret Sanger, and the suppression of important works, from *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, to novels such as *Ulysses, The Well of Loneliness*, and *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, to the feminist plays of Karen Finley and Holly Hughes.

Women do not require "protection" from explicit sexual materials. It is no goal of feminism to restrict individual choices or stamp out sexual imagery. Though some women and men may have this on their platform, they represent only themselves. Women are as varied as any citizens of a democracy; there is no agreement or feminist code as to what images are distasteful or even sexist. It is the right and responsibility of each woman to read, view, or produce the sexual material she chooses without the intervention of the state "for her own good." We believe genuine feminism encourages individuals to make these choices for themselves. This is the great benefit of being feminists in a free society.

We urge you to give S.1521 the speedy death it deserves and turn your attention to constructive measures that will reduce violence and bring us all a more just and feminist future.

Sincerely,

Adrienne Rich, poet and writer
Judy Blume, author
Betty Friedan
Nora Ephron, author
Ann Bernays, author

Arvonne Fraser, Senior Fellow,
Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs
Mary Gordon, author
Susan Isaacs, author and screenwriter
Erica Jong, author
Susan Jacoby, author
Jamaica Kincaid, author
Elizabeth Murray, artist
Katha Pollit, author, educator and editor
Marlene Sanders, Television Journalist
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Judith Butler, Professor of Humanites,
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Leslie Calman, Director, Barnard Center for Research on Women
Arlene Carmen**, Judson Memorial Church
C.Carr, journalist; staff writer, *Village Voice*
Ellen Carton, Executive Director,
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Cheryl Cohen, Ed.D.; candidate,
Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality (IASHS);
former secretary, Quad S, San Francisco Chapter
Kelli Conlin, Executive Director,
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Director Women's Rights Litigation Clinic
Judith Levine**, author
Jo List Levinson, Co-Chair, National Coalition Against Censorship
Donna Lieberman, New York Civil Liberties Union
Bobby Lilly, Chairperson,
Californians Against Censorship Together; East Bay NOW
Gloria Lockett, Co-Director, COYOTE
Catherine Lorde, author and teacher; Chairperson,
Department of Art, UCAL, Irvine
Charlotte Murphy, Executive Director,
National Association of Artists' Organizations
Maryann Napoli, Center for Medical Consumers
Joan Nestle, author and historian
Barbara O'Dair**, author
Denis O'Dell
Marcia Orovitz, Vice President, General Media
Marcia Pally**, author
Lynn M. Paltrow, Senior Staff Attorney,
ACLU Reproductive Freedom Project
Kay Perri
Isabelle Katz Pinzler, Director, Women's Rights Project, ACLU
Nancy Klein Piori, Barnard College
Carol Queen, San Francisco NOW; President, Sexual Sanity
Cindy Rakowitz**, businesswoman; Playboy Enterprises
Sandy Rapp**, musician and author; Political Director,
East End Gay Organization*
Gini Reticker, filmmaker
Ramona Ripston, Executive Director, ACLU of Southern California
Nanette Roberts, teacher, church worker
Catherine Stimpson, Professor, Rutgers University
Laurie Stone, author, *Village Voice* columnist

> Violence against women and children flourished for thousands of years before the printing press and motion picture, and continues today in countries like Saudi Arabia and Iran, where no commercial sexual material is available.

Elizabeth Streb, choreographer, Ringside Company
Nadine Strossen**, Professor, New York Law School;
President American Civil Liberties Union
Tina Summerlin, Director, Robert Mapplethorpe Foundation
Kat Sunlove, author and performer
Judith Tannenbaum, Associate Director,
Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania
Nadine Taub, professor, Rutgers Law School
Ava Taurel, psycho-dramatist; President, Taurel Enterprises
Meredith Tax, PEN American Center
Joan Kennedy Taylor**, author; National Coordinator,
Association of Libertarian Feminists
Katie Taylor, New York City Commision on Human Rights
Kate Thomas, RN, MS; doctoral candidate,
Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality (IASHS)
Sharon Thompson, author
Sydney Biddle Barrows, author and professional speaker
Nancy K. Bereano, Editor and Publisher, Firebrand Books

> Women do not require "protection" from explicit sexual materials. It is no goal of feminism to restrict individual choices or stamp out sexual imagery.

Barbara Bernstein, Executive Director,
New York Civil Liberties Union, Nassau County Chapter
Joan Bertin, Associate Director, ACLU Women's Rights Project
Sarah Blackburn, author and editor
Joni Blank, sex therapist
Janet Bode, author
Berit Branch (aka Domine Blue), performer
Ann Veta Brick, attorney,
American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California
Renata Bridenthal
Lea Brilmayer, professor, New York University Law School
Patti Britton**, Deputy Director,
SIECUS (Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S.)
Laura N. Brown, Director of Trade Publishing, Oxford University Press
Wendy Brown, Director of Feminist Studies,
University of California, Santa Cruz
Stacy D'Erasmo, editor, *Village Voice Literary Supplement* (VLS)
Vanessa del Rio, stripper, singer
Donna Demac, author, professor, New York University
Miki Demarest, Chairperson, Taskforce of San Francisco NOW
Betty Dodson, artist, author, sex educator
Barbara Dority, Co-Chair,
Northwest Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force
Mary D. Dorman, attorney
Frances Doughty, author, founding member of NGTF
Siobhan Dowd, Program Director,
PEN American Center Freedom to Write Committee
Claudia Dreifus, journalist and author
Ellen Carol DuBois, Professor of History, UCLA
Lisa Duggan, historian and author,
Virginia Foundation for the Humanities
Andrea Eagan, author
Alice Echols, visiting lecturer, History Department,
University of Michigan
Kate Ellis, Rutgers University
Dorothy Erlich, Exectuive Director, ACLU of Northern California
Marjorie Heins**, Director,
American Civil LIberties Union Arts Censorship Project
Elizabeth Hess, author
Jean Hirshfield, PEN West
Barbara Hoffman, attorney
Susan Hoffman, Executive Director, California Confederation of the Arts
Amber Hollibaugh, filmmaker
Holly Hughes**, playwright and performance artist
Nan D. Hunter, Professor, Brooklyn Law School
Janice Irvine, Professor of Sociology, Tufts University
Amy Isaacs, National Director, Americans for Democratic Action
MaryBeth Johnston, graphics designer, No More Nice Girls;
Women's Health Action Mobilization (WHAM)
Wendy Kaminer, author and attorney
Temma Kaplan, historian
Leanne Katz**, Executive Director,
National Coalition Against Censorship
Karen Kennerly, Executive Director, PEN American Center
Aza Khalili, New York City Commision on Human Rights
Jeanette Luthor, author; President, Versatile Productions
Phyllis Lyon, author, California Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force
Jennifer Maguire**, businesswoman; Playboy Enterprises
Emily Mann, Artistic Director, McCarter Theater, Princeton, New Jersey
Vivienne Maricevic, erotic art photographer
M.Mark, Editor and Publisher, *Village Voice Literary Supplement* (VLS)
Del Martin, author
Sue Martin, Program Coordinator, Family Violence Prevention Fund
Donna J. McBride, Vice President and Operating Officer, Naiad Press
Carlin Meyer**, Professor, New York Law School
Branda Miller, Associate Professor of Art,
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Samantha Miller, Co-Director, COYOTE
Honor Moore, playwright and poet
Laurie Muchnick, editor, *Village Voice*
Estelle Rogers, attorney
Roberta Rosskam, MSW, diplomate, American Board of Sexology;
Clinical Member, Association for American Family Therapy
Candida Royalle**, AASECT (American Association of Sex Educators,
Counselors, & Therapists)
Maggie Rubenstein, Ph.D., sexologist and therapist
Gayle Rubin, author and anthropologist
Catherine Saalfield, video maker and journalist
Connie Samaras, artist and Professor, UCAL, Irvine
Lorna Sarrel, Lecturer in Psychiatry, Yale University
Carol T. Schreiber, Ph.D., independent consultant,
New Haven, Connecticut
Carol Seajay, Feminist Booksellers News
Barbara Shack, Chair, New York State Coalition for Choice
Catherine Siemann**, ACLU
Joy Silverman**, National Campaign for Freedom of Expression
Toni D. Smith, MSW, Ph.D.; candidate,
Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality (IASHS)
Annie Sprinkle, sex educator
Leonore Tiefer, psychologist and psychotherapist
Susan Trowbridge, Vice President,
Addison-Wesley Publishing Company
Marcia Tucker, Director, New Museum of Contemporary Art
Alice Turner, Editor, Playboy Magazine
Roz Udow, National Coalition Against Censorship
Veronica Vera**, author; Prostitutes of New York (PONY)
Brenda Webster, Acting Chair, West Coast PEN,
and Chair of the Women's Committee
Marley Weiss, Associate Professor, University of Maryland Law School
Ellen Willis, Porfessor of Journalism, New York University;
Union of Democratic Intellectuals
Martha Wilson, Founder and Director, Franklin Furnace Gallery
Millie Wilson, artist and teacher; Director, Program in Art,
School of Art, California Institute of the Arts
Hilma Wolitzer, author
Cathy Young, author

*Organizations denoted for identification only.

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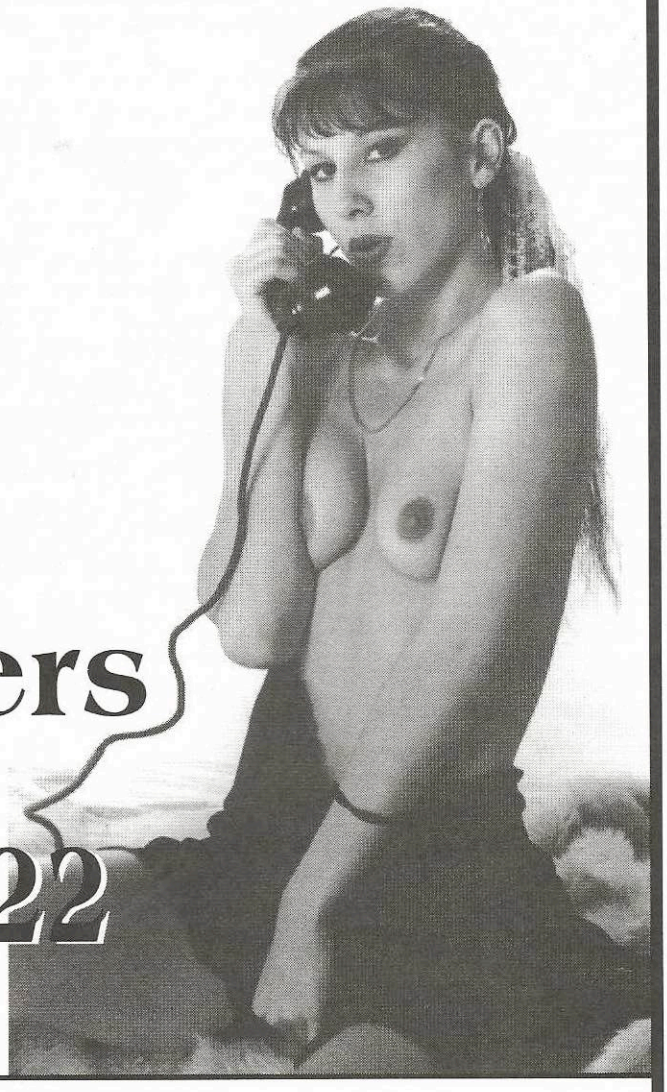

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AM I GOING STRAIGHT?

DEAR FANNY: I've been in a relationship for ten years with a woman I love deeply, but lately I've begun fantasizing about men. I had a few brief affairs when I was young, but I've always been attracted to women (I'm 37). I am a lesbian and in a good relationship, yet I find myself daydreaming and gazing at men, which is surprising and upsetting. I even bought a gay men's erotic magazine. I'm afraid to tell my lover because it may hurt her. We haven't been very sexual for a few years; she doesn't seem that interested in me. I feel guilty, yet these fantasies are so powerful they seem irresistible. I'm having a second identity crisis. Maybe an affair would get it out of my system. I want children, and I think maybe these longings for men have something to do with that.

—Drifting toward straight?

DEAR DRIFTING: You've been together ten years and your lover doesn't seem interested in you anymore. You're 37 and want children. It's not a sexual identity crisis you're going through, but a communication crisis.

You must get down to brass tacks and talk to your lover about children and these sexual fantasies. The blockage of intimacy is usually the culprit when it comes to lack of sexual interest for any couple, and yours sounds nearly dead. The emotions and decisions around having children are an opportunity for a new closeness and a chance to spark some lively sexual play. Why choose make-believe over real-life rapport?

By escaping into fantasy you are avoiding important issues. Men have probably become your chosen fantasy because of romantic notions of what masculinity symbolizes—the classic knight in shining armor who'll take you into his strong arms and sweep your problems away, be attentive and exciting, and take on the responsibility of children. The grass is always greener on the other side of the sexual continuum: more than a few straight women, worn out by the demands of home, work, kids, and little time for sex, daydream about how carefree life could be with a lesbian—how they'd find independence, nurturance, and great sex.

I'm not saying that your sexual fantasies about men aren't valid. A taste of the opposite sex may be needed soul food. But a commitment is a commitment, and that means having to pass some things up, unless you and your partner agree to allow you your craving without it affecting the relationship (it can happen). I don't see these fantasies as a red flag that your partner is no longer right for you. The problem is that you aren't talking to each other anymore, and that is not what a relationship is about.

Don't have an affair. Work this out with your lover first. It's scary to face issues that are complicated and may not work out, but it's far worse to fall in love with someone new and break up with so much unresolved. You owe it to her and yourself to be honest.

"I RECOMMEND THAT YOUR LOVER SHOOT HER LOAD ON YOUR TITS..."

EJACULATING DILDO

DEAR FANNY: I met a wonderful woman, and our sex has been fantastic. After a few weeks of pretty standard but sizzling hot lovemaking, she wanted to move into a new phase, which included the use of a strap-on dildo. Okay so far. She found a life-like dildo with a pump bulb and surgical tubing, so that she could fill the bulb with liquid, strap on the dildo, and fuck me silly. When she came, she squeezed the bulb to ejaculate on or into me. She has perfected a mix for the cum—two heaping tablespoons of cornstarch and half a cup of water, simmered, stirring constantly, and set aside to thicken. The consistency, color, and taste are remarkably like the real stuff. While I cannot imagine having any problems swallowing this concoction, I wonder if having this mix squirted into my pussy or ass is dangerous, that it might increase the possibility of infections. I haven't had any problems yet, but it would be a great help to know what I'm getting into (or what she's getting into me). She really gets off on this, as do I, and I'd hate for it to cause a problem which would make her feel guilty or make me say "promise you won't come in me."

—Promises, Promises

DEAR PROMISES: Well, you two sound like you're really enjoying yourselves!

I hate to be a kill-joy, but no studies have been done on the effects of cornstarch in the anus or vagina. We know it's soothing for babies' bottoms, but the consequences of its chemical interaction with vaginal bacteria will probably remain a mystery for some time. (Can our readers help us out here?)

Since it is a starch, one would think it would leave a residue that douching may not remove. I recommend that your lover shoot her load on, for instance, your stomach or tits, porno style. Treat the outside come shot as an exciting visual enhancement, or as a birth control measure!

You wouldn't be the first woman to fake a cum-swallow by keeping most of it on the lips, slathering it playfully on your face, or spitting it into a handy towel.

If she can't keep a promise that she won't come in you, tell her she has to wear condoms! Δ

QUEER IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

MIMI HEFT

Queer Nation and queer journalists have expressed outrage at current representations of gays and lesbians in Hollywood mainstream films, claiming that the homophobic industry portrays us as psychopaths and misfits. But these protests—against *Basic Instinct* in particular—are missing the point.

What exactly are the protestors in Queer Nation and elsewhere so angry about, given that this film punishes misogyny and suggests that beneath all heterosexual relationships lies a complicated web of relations between women? After all, like *Thelma and Louise*, this is a film about women who kill, women who stand up to male aggression, manipulate male sexuality, and refuse to be bullied into some kind of conventional submission.

I viewed **Basic Instincts** *as a film about the objectification of men and the lesbianization of straight sex.*

I viewed *Basic Instinct* as a film about the objectification of men, and even as a film about the "lesbianization" of straight sex. In it, Catherine Trammel has a long-term relationship with a woman, Roxie, and fucks men for fun while Roxie watches. Nick, played by Michael Douglas, is obviously threatened by the bonds between women, which seem almost to turn him into a sex toy—a body attached to a dildo. In one scene he encounters Roxie in the bathroom after he has finished fucking Catherine and asks her to talk to him "man to man"—but his fake bravado falters when he learns that Catherine *likes* Roxie to watch her sexual encounters with men.

JUDITH HALBERSTAM

Nick is naked, while Roxie is clothed, and it is he who looks fragile and vulnerable. In a way, this scene inverts the homophobic triangle of heterosexual pornography which portrays two women having sex while a man looks on. Here the dyke lover watches the heterosexual sex for her own enjoyment.

Furthermore, Michael Douglas is hardly a symbol of virile domination; in fact, in *Basic Instinct* he is positively feminized. So let me be the first to "out" Michael Douglas' character: to end all further speculation, Nick is definitely a lesbian. He still seems a little behind the times, however, since he thinks that one date, one fuck, means he should marry his lover; Catherine, however, has ways of fixing his nostalgia—she carries an ice

pick along with her on dates and brandishes it whenever he starts talking marriage and kids and happy-ever-after.

Nick actually comes out in the movie on the night when he follows Catherine to a dance club wearing a rather low-cut sweater that shows just enough of his cleavage. The sweater comes off later, and Catherine pays serious attention to his small but firm breasts. On the morning after the night before, Nick follows Catherine to her Marin hide-out. It is obvious he is feeling vulnerable, so he wears his butchest outfit—501's, a sweater, and a bomber jacket. Later that day he forces his rival, Roxie, to drive her car off the road and prepares to replace her as Catherine's lesbian lover.

All the women in *Basic Instinct*—and apparently some of the men—are lesbians. They also all seem to be involved in one violent conspiracy to kill men. In fact, any man who utters a misogynist comment seems to end up with an ice pick in the brain.

Furthermore, *Basic Instinct's* heroine is a writer, a novelist who plots murders that then occur in real life. The police and psychiatrists—almost all of them men—are confused by the relationship between fiction and truth: did the murderer plot the novels to give herself the perfect alibi ("I'm not that stupid; I wouldn't depict a murder and then enact it")? Or did she become so enamored with her fictions that she felt compelled to carry them out?

Basic Instinct does not attempt to resolve this question of the relationship between fact and fiction; it is enough that this relationship emerges as strained and contested. Queer Nation, of course, thinks they know exactly what the the relationship between fiction and truth is, and so they began their protests even before the film was completed. At a time when our government seems all too eager to censor depictions of alternative sexualities because they are supposedly dangerous and may produce perversion, it is extremely problematic for the gay community to engage in similar kinds of protests. Doing so puts us right there in the trenches with anti-porn groups and censors who think there is a simple relationship between seeing and doing, fantasy and reality, perversion and corruption.

While I understand that Hollywood harbors all kinds of homophobic sentiment and closeted hatred, I don't think that it does us any good to police mainstream representations of queer characters.

(continued on page 45)

MANY TREATMENT CENTERS CLAIM THAT
THEY ARE 'GAY SENSITIVE' —

THIS IS WHAT THEIR PATIENTS SAY . . .

"THE ONLY GAY COUNSELOR WAS MORE CLOSETED THAN I WAS"
"THEY TOLD ME TO INTRODUCE MY LOVER AS MY ROOMMATE"
"GAY PROGRAMMING WAS ONLY 2 HOURS A WEEK"
"STAFF MEMBERS REVEALED MY HIV STATUS"
"PEOPLE REFUSED TO ROOM WITH ME"
"MY AFTERCARE REFERRAL WAS A STRAIGHT COUPLES GROUP"
"I WAS FORCED TO KEEP SECRETS ABOUT MY LIFE"
"I HAD TO TAKE OFF MY LABYRIS"
"OTHER PATIENTS WHISPERED AND POINTED AT US"

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Censorship Update

by Marcy Sheiner

All too often discussions about censorship are conducted in a tone of theoretical abstraction, ignoring the very real effects on individual lives. The following situations represent a small sampling of instances in which censorship has affected people's livelihoods and emotional well-being.

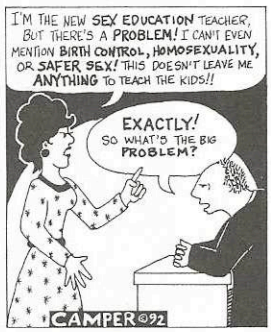
WANNA BUY SOME DIRTY PICTURES?

Now that Keith Jacobson, a 61-year-old Nebraska farmer, was fired from his job as a school bus driver, forced to sell 40 acres of his farm to finance his defense, and was outed as a homosexual to a town whose population numbers 800, the **Supreme Court** overturned a lower court conviction against him for purchasing kiddie-porn. He was so ashamed by the charges that, for the five years it took for him to be exonerated, Jacobson secluded himself in his farmhouse, driving to a town 40 miles away for groceries and having his mail picked up by a relative. The Court ruled that federal agents entrapped him, and that the smarmy "Operation Looking Glass," which ultimately arrested 161 men, four of whom committed suicide after being charged, was unconstitutional. The Court said that the campaign to get Jacobson to buy kiddie porn exerted considerable pressure on him, and there was no evidence that he would have ordered the materials on his own. During his ordeal Jacobson was supported by his pastor, the town's newspaper, and the local veterans' organization. Nonetheless, Jacobson says that some residents are still snickering behind his back. "Doesn't the government realize," he asked, "that they can destroy a man's life?" They do, and they will—particularly if the man (or woman) happens to be gay.

CAMPER ©92
PSSST—YA WANNA BUY SOME DIRTY PICTURES?
NO!
HEY—DON'T YA WANNA BUY SOME DIRTY PICTURES?
NO!
C'MON PAL—I GOT REAL GOOD DIRTY PICTURES!
GET OUT OF HERE!
JUST CHECK 'EM OUT—YOU'LL LIKE THEM!
IF I BUY SOMETHING WILL YOU PLEASE GO AWAY?
SIGH: ANYTHING FOR SOME PEACE...
GOTCHA! YOU PERVERT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

AND WHO DEFINES WHAT'S DIRTY?

The **White Aryan Resistance**, a white supremacist hate group, has sent letters to video stores in Rhode Island threatening to destroy their businesses if they carry **Spike Lee**'s interracial **Jungle Fever**. Local police claim never to have heard of the group, and said that the letter writer probably used its name as an alias. Censorship isn't used only to suppress sexual materials, but any concepts or practices considered "subversive"—such as interracial relationships.


I'M THE NEW SEX EDUCATION TEACHER, BUT THERE'S A PROBLEM! I CAN'T EVEN MENTION BIRTH CONTROL, HOMOSEXUALITY, OR SAFER SEX! THIS DOESN'T LEAVE ME ANYTHING TO TEACH THE KIDS!!
EXACTLY! SO WHAT'D THE BIG PROBLEM?
CAMPER ©92

IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS

Teachers in Alabama are now legally forbidden to educate students about safe sex or alternative lifestyles. Thanks to a bill unanimously approved by **The Alabama State Health Committee**, kids will be taught that abstinence is the only reliable method of avoiding pregnancy and STDs, and that homosexuality is unacceptable, unhealthy, and illegal. The bill was backed by the conservative **Eagle Forum**, and not a single person showed up to oppose it—this despite documentation that "education" based upon blissful ignorance only increases the incidence of disease and pregnancy among sexually active teens. The new law is particularly horrifying since the number of AIDS cases in Alabama rose by 58% in 1991, the largest increase reported by any state in the nation.

SOME GOOD NEWS ON CENSORSHIP

- A recent survey showed that 78% of the residents of **Lakewood, Ohio** want the legal right to obtain sexually explicit videos. Consequently, Law Director Michael E. Murman has dropped charges against several video store owners.
- An **ACLU** report showing that a significant number of religious zealots are on the staff of the **Justice Department** has given the sex industry renewed impetus to document evidence of any misbehavior on their part—and when they find any, *they* will be the ones to get busted. In other words, instead of repeatedly reacting to government harassment, the industry plans to go on the offensive. Attorney John Weston's lawfirm is preparing suits that will engineer a role reversal intending to make it impossible for the anti-sex crusade to continue.
- **Coors Beer**, long-time foe of progressive forces, sexual and otherwise, has discontinued its contributions to the pro-censorship group **Morality in Media** as a result of a boycott campaign initiated by **the Florida Friends of the First Amendment (FOFA)**. A letter from Coors' Community Relations Director to FOFA states that the company "would in no way want to inhibit freedom of speech," and concludes with a plea for "the immediate cessation of your activities against us."
- **San Francisco's Police Commissioner, Richard Hongisto,** was fired for ordering officers to confiscate copies of the ***Bay Times***, a gay/lesbian/bisexual newspaper which featured a satirical cover montage of "Dick and His Cool New Tool." The aritcle criticized Hongisto's heavy-handed crackdown following the **Rodney King** verdict and subsequent demonstrations in the city. A *Times* reporter who was arrested described police brutality and taunting of lesbians and gays. When the paper hit the streets, Hongisto "suggested" to officers that they round up copies in the dead of night, which was anonymously reported to editor **Kim Corsaro**. The Police Commission investigated, determined Hongisto's guilt, and unanimously fired him. The *Bay Times*, which has the largest circulation of any gay newspaper in the country, is considering legal action. "What's been ignored," notes Corsaro, "are the sexual aspects of this thing. When Hongisto became Police Chief, his big focus was a crackdown on prostitution. Then he went wild over a sexually suggestive image of himself, which was incredibly mild compared to other things out there. The whole thing has to do with people being unable to deal with sexuality." She says she was "stunned" by the outcome of events. It is indeed stunning that a small community newspaper was able to bring to an abrupt and elegant halt the institution of a full-fledged police state in the city of San Francisco. Yes! The pen is mightier than the nightstick!

NewsNotes

by Marcy Sheiner

Scene from Claire of the Moon

Girl Gets Girl

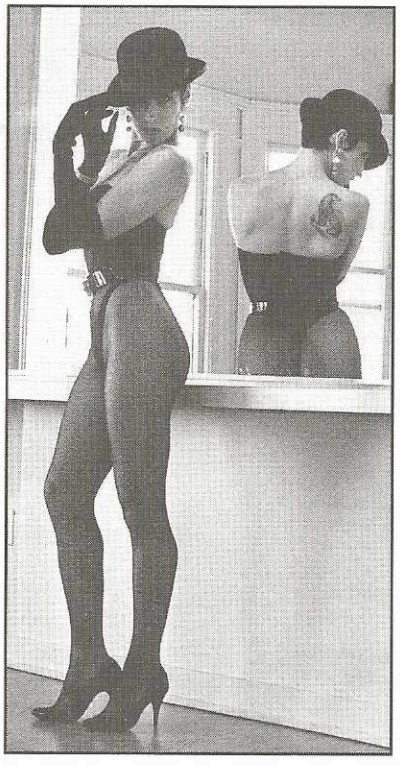
Demi-Monde Productions, an independent feature film company dedicated to women and lesbian filmmaking, has just released **Claire of the Moon,** directed by **Nicole Conn.** The movie is about a lesbian and a straight woman trapped together in a cabin at a women writer's retreat. One critic has described Claire as having "all the sensibilities of **Fried Green Tomatoes** WITH sex." Conn hopes that it will be the **Desert Hearts** of the 90s. Claire debuts as we go to press, but we've seen the trailer and advise seeing it with your best girl at the drive-in—it's hot.

Move Over, Hallmark

First Blush Cards is a spanking new line of greeting cards created especially for lesbians. The cards depict scenes such as two stockinged, high-heeled legs rubbing each other under a table; some go so far as to show women in bed together. The cards have sold successfully enough to encourage their creator, **Joan Greenfield,** to expand the line and add women of color as well as larger women to her cards. First Blush Cards have been shunned by some women's bookstores because of their butch/femme and other "stereotyping" overtones. Greenfield, who had anticipated that mainstream bookstores would reject the cards, was totally unnerved by censorship from her target audience.

Dyke Pride At The Oscars

Debra Chasnoff, former editor of **Out/Look,** scored a triple play at the **Academy Awards** ceremony when she received an Oscar for her documentary on **General Electric's** involvement in the production of nuclear weapons. In her acceptance speech, Chasnoff urged a boycott against GE, thanked Kim Klausner, her female lover of 12 years for her support, and was later hugged by **Jodie Foster,** who told her, "That was really cool what you did."



Rainbeau

Buttoning Up Our Benefits

Levi Strauss and Co. is now offering spousal health insurance benefits to domestic partners of its gay, lesbian, and unmarried heterosexual employees. Levi Strauss is the largest clothing manufacturer in the world, with about 23,000 employees in the U.S., and is also the largest company to adopt this policy. All those great looking dyke butts leaning over pool tables in tight jeans must have made an impression.

From Boxers to Brassieres

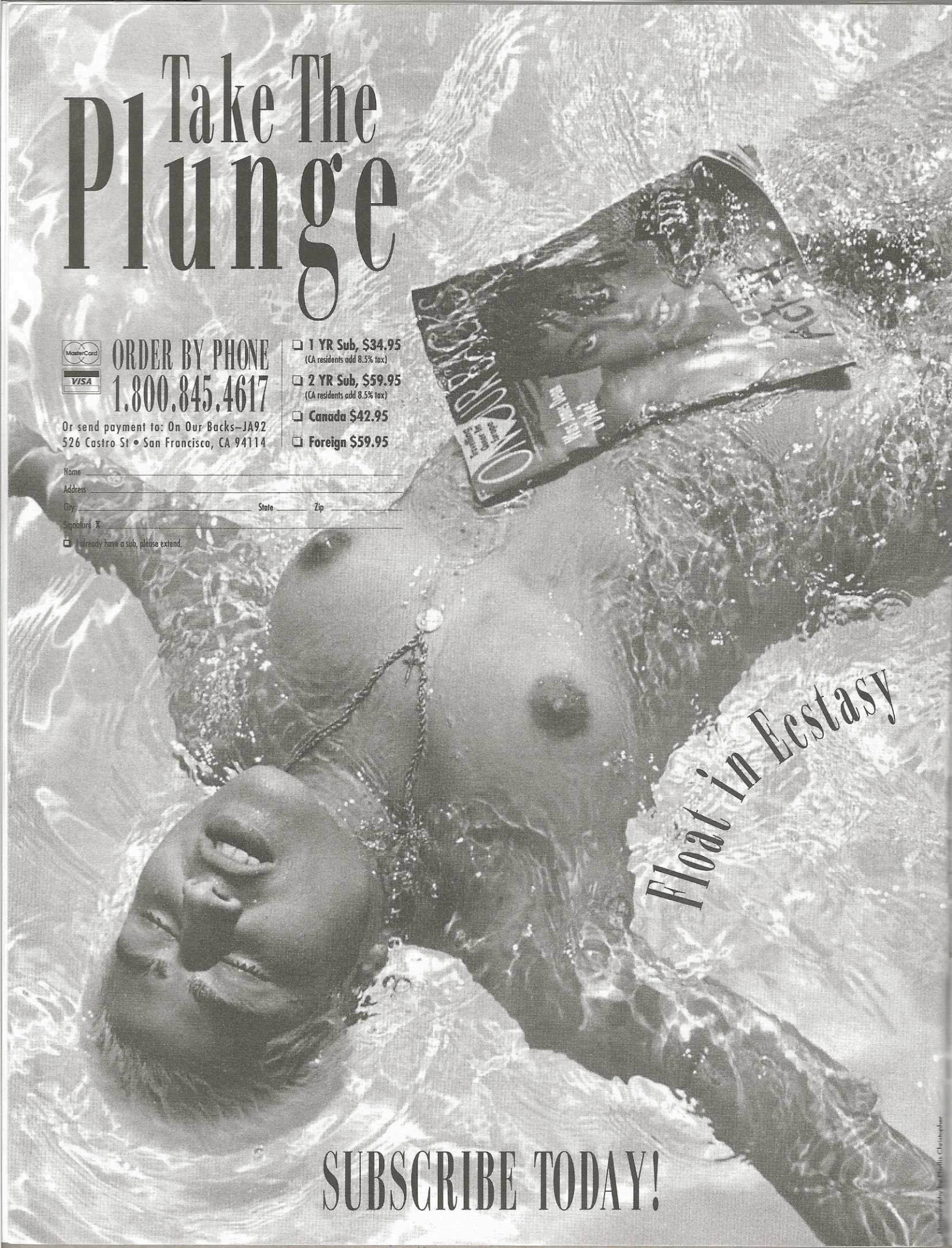
Rainbeau, who has been stripping professionally for 15 years, was the recent winner of the first annual **Stripper of the Year** contest in San Francisco. Her performance began with an upbeat Madonna-like dance that utilized a belt in very creative ways, progressed to titillation with a knife, and ended with a dramatic shedding of red chiffon. Rainbeau, who has worked in a variety of clubs, including gay men's, straight, and women-only, says she loves stripping for women, who "appreciate the creative aspects of my work." Women, she says, want alternative erotic images—different sizes, shapes, ages, and colors. This was proven by the contest, whose first runner-up was a "cute boy dyke" dressed as a 30s gangster.

Easy Access

The first volume of the **Gay/Lesbian Periodicals Index** will soon be published. The index will make it possible to locate citations to thousands of articles on every aspect of lesbian and gay life. To find out how to get your library to carry the index, contact Metrolina Community Service Project at (704) 525-6128.

STEPHANIE RAUSSER

Debra Chasnoff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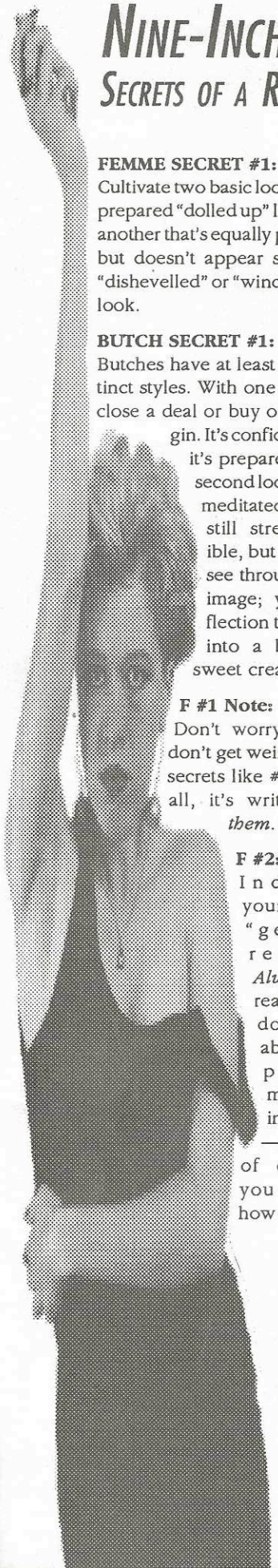

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Cultivate two basic looks: Your prepared "dolled up" look, and another that's equally prepared but doesn't appear so—your "dishevelled" or "wind-blown" look.

BUTCH SECRET #1:
Butches have at least two distinct styles. With one you can close a deal or buy on a margin. It's confident, and it's prepared. Your second look is premeditated. You're still street-credible, but she can see through your image; your reflection turns her into a bowl of sweet cream.

F #1 Note:
Don't worry if you don't get weird butch secrets like #1—after all, it's written for *them*.

F #2:
Indulge yourself in "getting ready." *Always* get ready, but don't be above applying make up in the car—which, of course, you know how to do.

B #2:
She calls her clothes "outfits." You call 'em clothes.

F #3:
You can wear pumps, so wear them. Should your feet start to hurt, sit. It is permissible to take off your shoes and accept a foot massage through your stockings. *Never* wobble or complain.

B #3:
Pumps...is that a noun or a verb?

F #4:
Tell her what you want.

B #4:
Take the toothpick out of your mouth when you're ready to kiss her.

She'll tell you when you're ready.

F #5:
When talking to her, tilt your head and stare in her eyes. Periodically allow your gaze to fix on a part of her body while your mind wanders, which will make you cross your legs and lick your lips. When caught having dirty thoughts, blush.

B #5:
Do butches really have high-tech x-ray vision? Do we have night-sight? Can everybody see through her blouse or only you? There's no excuse for getting caught looking down her dress or up her skirt—unless, of course, she wants you to.

F #6:
Breathe in her ear.

B #6:
Keep breathing! (This can cost you at least $50 to learn in therapy.)

F #7:
Pout.

B #7:
Ignore her pouting. She'll ignore you ignoring her. Her lips will get thicker and thicker. It's cheaper than collagen.

F #7 addendum:
Hey! Be pissed off and pout more!

F #8:
Don't cut your nails until the third date.

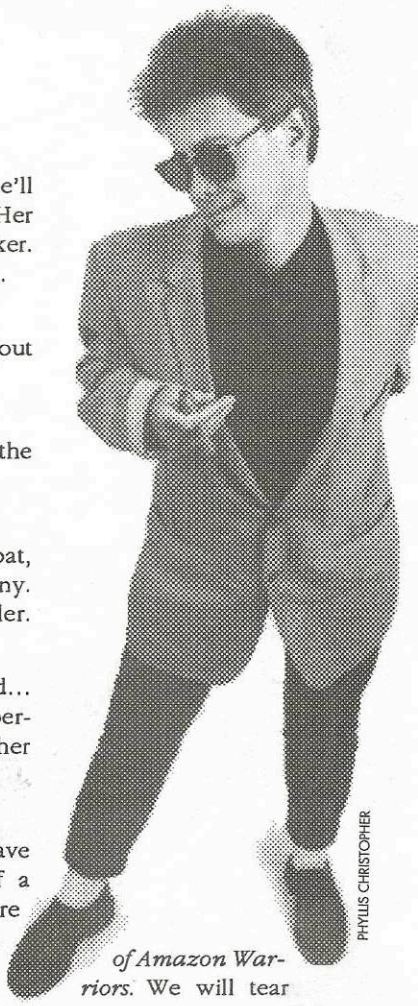
B #8:
You are a finger acrobat, tongue-dancer, stud-bunny. Above all, you are the butler.

F #9:
The perfect femme would... well, gosh, any femme's perfect by the time she gets her lipstick on.

B #9:
The perfect butch would have the sandpaper tongue of a jungle cat, the mind of Audre Lourde, Martina's aerobic right arm, and the clothes of Macy's boy's department. In other words, she's just like you, only taller.

F #10:
Femmes know ourselves. We know we have personal quirks that we love. This might mean owning 20 pairs of black pumps, or hanging our earrings on lace scarves draped over the headboard. Your butch will boast about these things with reverence. Femmes will look at you with that knowing smile, and other butches will be amazed—then share their femme's eccentricities.

B #10:
Butches live in tree houses. Our furniture is made of bent sticks. Like Dinah Shore, the older ones still look 12 and the younger ones are getting more gorgeous every year. You will find us in *Who's Who of Amazon Warriors*. We will tear your heart out tenderly and savagely eat out your cunt.



F #11:
Butches don't have time to stop and think about how cool and unique they are—they're too busy lighting matches on their zippers or saddle-soaping their harnesses. They also don't have time to think about how important sharing secrets is to us—that's why I only got ten instead of the promised 20 secrets from my butch.

ADDENDUM: If you don't get all the butch secrets, you're probably a femme. If you don't get all the femmes—butch, baby, study up!

KRIS KOVICK and SHAR

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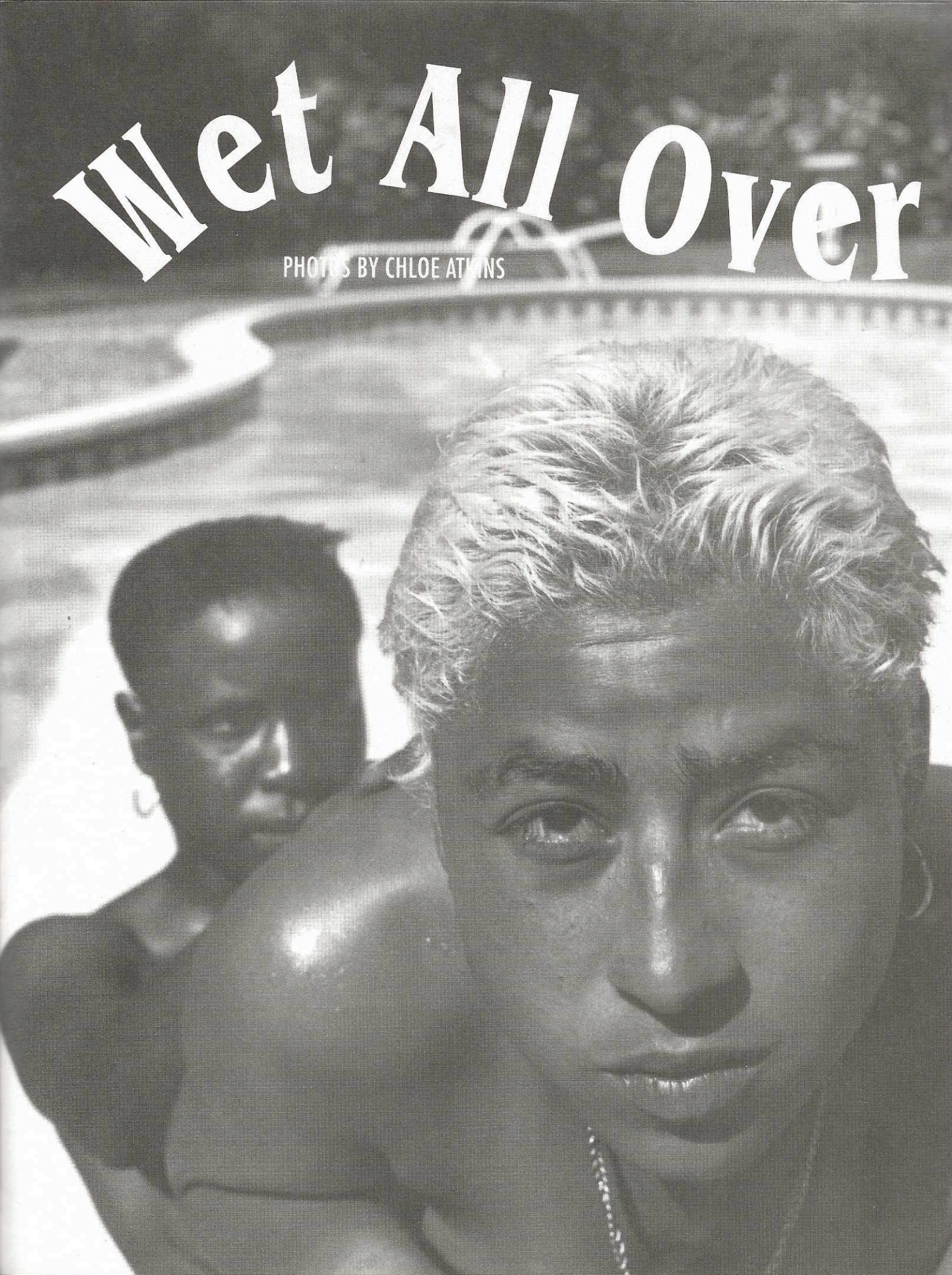
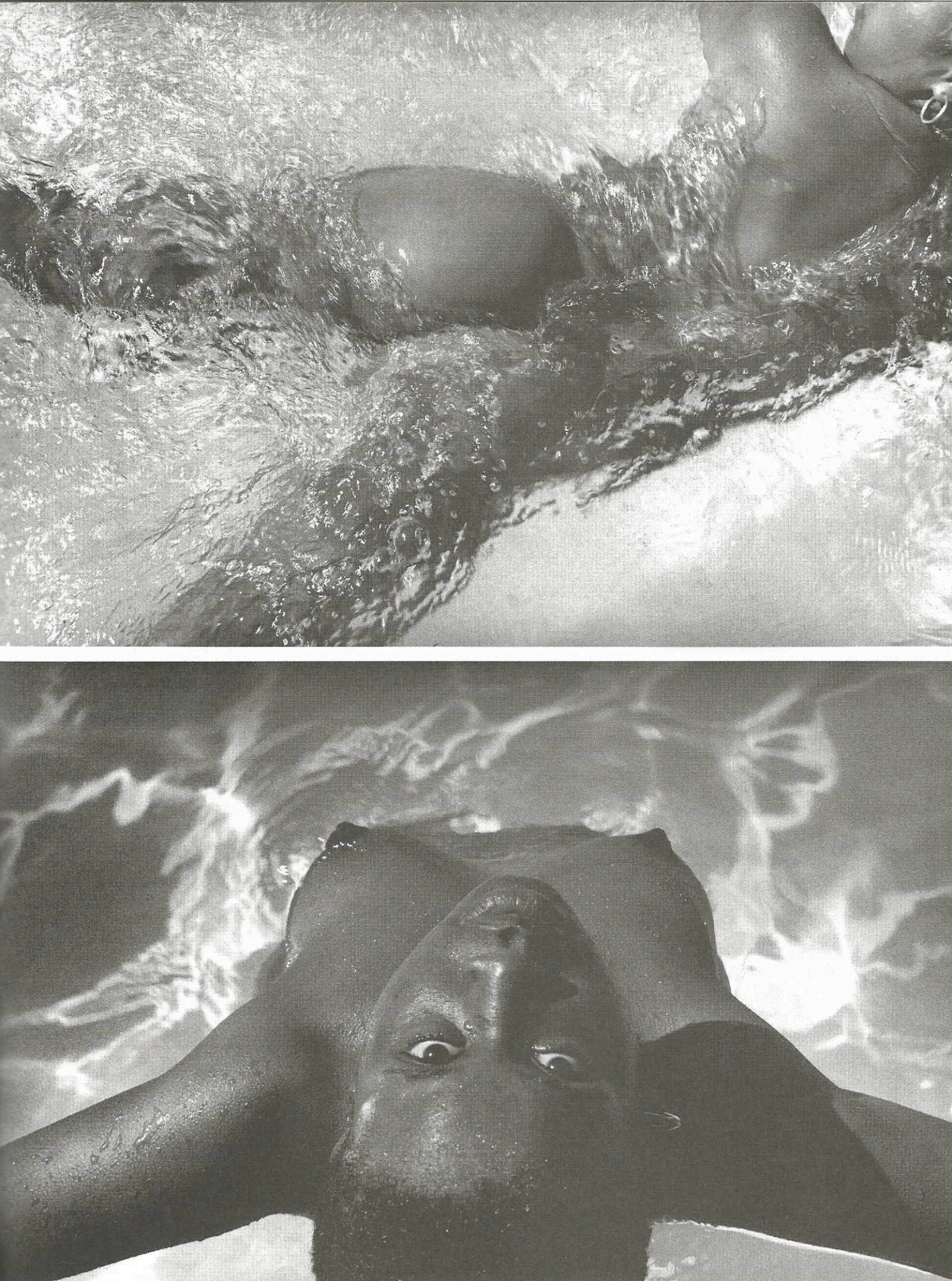
Wet All Over

PHOTOS BY CHLOE ATKINS



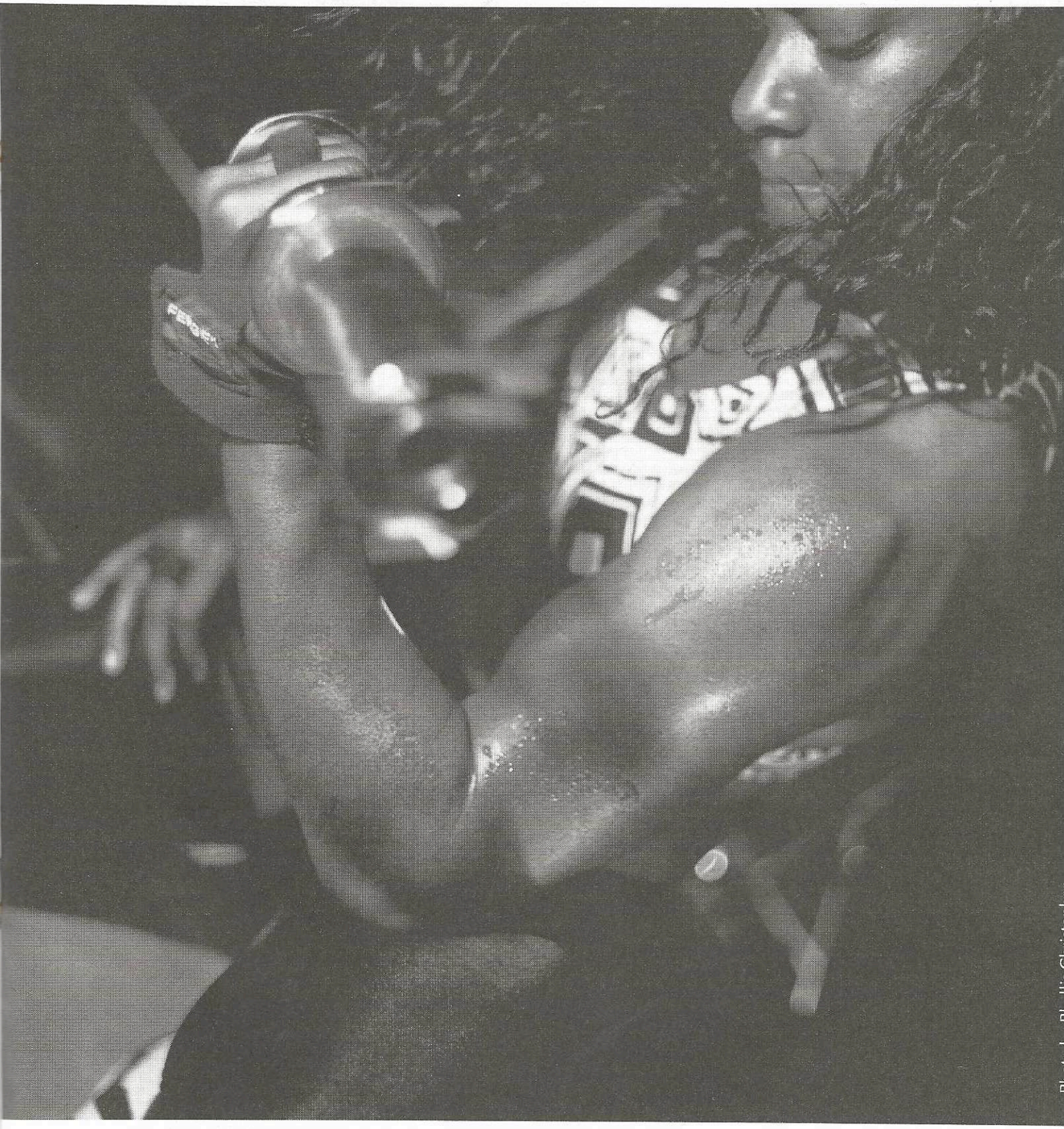


I licked and bit my way up her thigh until my tongue slid to meet her slippery clit. I let my tongue linger, hot but not moving for a moment, until she moaned, "Lick me til I come, you fuck!"

Mistress of Iron

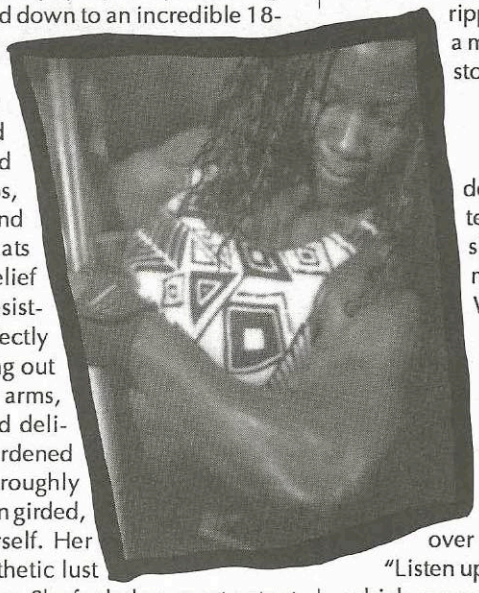
I had heard that the Church of California had a collection of female bodybuilders unmatched anywhere in the Bay Area, so I got a temporary membership in the hopes of doing some high-class twat-watching. I was not disappointed. The variety of strong and substantial female bodies surpassed my fantasies, and I often found myself masturbating in the shower after working out among them. They came in all shapes and sizes, from gigantic Amazons to delicate tai-chi dolls, anything and everything I needed to turn me on. Even the hair bitches and glamour girls had their charms, arrogantly squeezed into glossy spandex, swilling gallons of Evian. ➤

Fiction
by Abs Bennett



From my post on the Stairmaster I watched them all, the fat mommies, the hard bodies, the pale-skinned and the limp-haired. They pumped iron, their muscles swelling obscenely before me, unaware that I had memorized the way their lace tights crawled up their asses while they did leg curls, and that I would later use the images to push myself toward orgasm. Memories of straining hamstrings or bulging biceps would move me to touch myself, sliding my fingers across my clitoris, pinching my nipples until I shook and roared in orgasm.

My favorite bodybuilder was Kiki Kat. Kiki was famous as a professional, but to me she was an erotic dream come true. She was a tiny thing, not quite five-foot-two, but she had something special; watching her work out always made my panties especially wet. She was the prettiest thing in a weight belt you ever did see, like something out of a heavy metal comic book, her physique as perfect as geometry. Her shoulders and back tapered down to an incredible 18-inch waist; her butt was heart-shaped and hard as concrete. Her belly and waist appeared corseted in tough muscle, her chest and rib cage large and fully expanded, her legs smooth and slim. When she flexed her quadriceps, you could see the deep crevasses and canyons carved in by thousands of squats and presses. Her back looked like a relief map of a recently discovered and irresistible planet, and her calves were perfectly diamond-shaped, with corners popping out in sharp angles. When she moved her arms, the striations in her shoulders fluttered delicately. When she posed, the flutters hardened into ridges. Her tiny body was so thoroughly muscled that she appeared clothed, even girded, in the sculpture she had made of herself. Her physical beauty made me shy, and pathetic lust oozed out of me whenever I looked at her. She fueled my most potent fantasies, even though the first time she ever spoke to me was to tell me how lame I was.



Looking back on it, I guess I did look pretty funny. I am skinny and tall and pale to the point of transparence. Watching all that female flesh pumping iron around me had finally aroused more than simple sexual desire; for once I was training, not looking, hoping to match the intensity of my sisters in iron. The gym throbbed with activity and loud music. I was doing flat bench flyes like a madwoman, flapping my arms up and down to the beat of something or other by Van Halen. Then, somewhere above me, in a deep Southern drawl, a voice said, "Jesus fucking Christ, girl, what are you doing?" I opened my eyes and there she was, her hair falling over one shoulder and her eyes flashing in contempt. I stopped, dumbbells in mid-air.

"Tell me," she repeated, "what are you doing?"

"Flat bench flyes," I said.

"You are not. You are flailing, and your flailing is distracting me. You will never turn that string-bean body into anything if you keep that shit up."

Her voice was deep and unexpectedly rich. I wondered where she had acquired the Southern accent. She glared at me in utter contempt, but all I could think of was how hot she was—I mean she physically radiated heat, like a small furnace. The effect was astonishing. I started to answer, but she cut me off and yanked the dumbbells out of my hands. She was a very no-nonsense girl. I clearly had a lot to learn.

"Well, I will do what I can to help you, but I won't promise anything. Lie down," she commanded."Flat on your back." She handed the dumbbells back to me and stood leaning over my head. I could smell her. I hadn't asked for her help; in fact I would have been paralyzed with shyness had I even considered asking. I was stunned into obedience. She stood close and her scent wafted over me, mingled with her heat. Her heavy hair almost fell in my face.

"Now, what you were doing was not precisely a flye and not precisely a press either. For flyes, you got to bend your elbows a little and then pull your dumbbells wide apart. That's right, lead the downward movement with the dumbbells in a big arc." I did what she said. "That's it, now back up, no, no, not straight up. Try to imagine that you are hugging a big tree, not shoving the dumbbells up somebody's ass." I did as she told me, envisioning my long skinny arms wrapping around a huge tree trunk, the dumbbells meeting on the other side. I could feel the stretch in my pectorals all the way out to my shoulders. It hurt at first, but after a few reps an incredibly warm sensation began rippling across my chest muscles. She just watched me for a minute, quietly counting the reps. I kept it up for 15, then stopped.

"That is much better," she said.

"It's harder this way, but it feels fantastic."

"Yup, and you look a lot less lame this way, too. Now, do three or four more sets like that, and remember, pretend to hug the big tree." She put her hand on my shoulder and squeezed. "You might get some interesting meat on them bones if you work hard enough," she said. When I looked up to reply, she had already gone.

The next time she spoke to me was a couple of days later. She was sitting on the flat bench with a loaded barbell on the rack, a hot pink towel draped over her shoulder.

"How'd you like to give me a spot, Stringbean?" She smiled, beaming full on electricity at me. Still obedient in the presence of the mistress of iron, I trotted over to the bench.

"Listen up," she said. "Today is chest day. I am doing forced reps, which means that I am trying to lift more weight than is sensible. I should be able to get about three of these out on my own; after that, I will need your help."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"After the second rep, slip your hand around the bar, right in the middle of my chest. When I start to struggle, help me lift it the rest of the way. Let's go for eight reps, okay, Stringbean?"

"Okay." I was ready.

"Let's go." She pushed up on the barbell slowly, once, twice. I slipped my hand around the bar, between her chest and the barbell. The third rep she got out on her own, just like she said. She kept going, pushing slowly up, not struggling at all. My hand rode up and down with the bar, feeling the heat from her chest soak into my knuckles each time the bar lowered down far enough. I started to sweat. On the sixth rep, she pushed just as slowly, with just as much control, but I could feel some of that weight transfer to my hand. On seven the weight transferred to my whole arm and shoulder. After eight, she panted, "Two more, Stringbean," and kept pushing, now with quite a lot of help from me. I had my back into it now. After the tenth, she pushed and I pulled the bar back into the rack. She sat up.

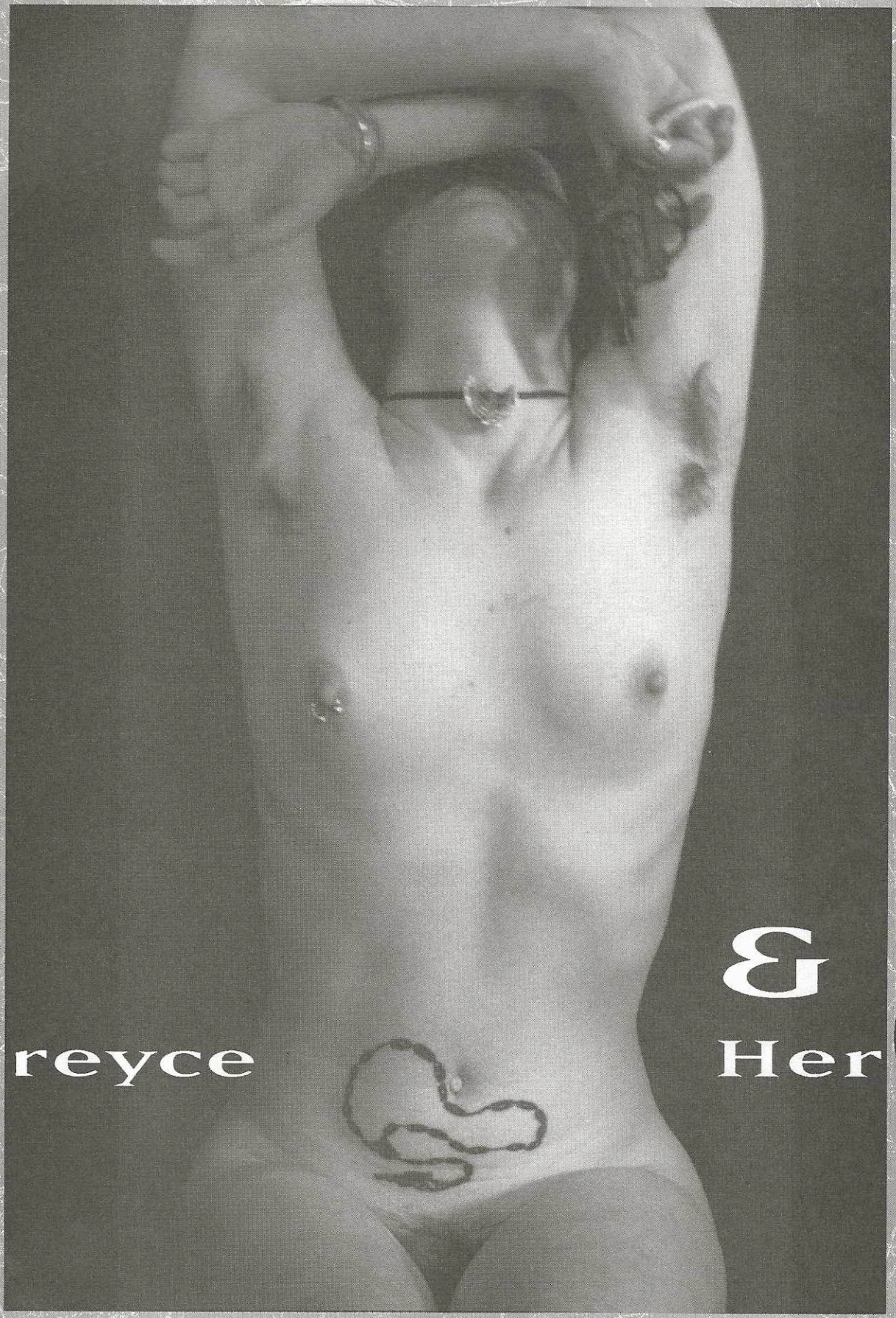
"Well, was it good for you?" she asked, smiling the electric smile again. I flushed, but couldn't think of anything to say, so I nodded and started to return to my own bench.

"Hey, I have ten more sets to do," she yelled. "Aren't you gonna stay and help me some more?"

"Ten more sets!" I believe I actually squeaked.

"I'm sorry. I guess you have your own workout to do."

(continued on page 38)



Treyce Cilona

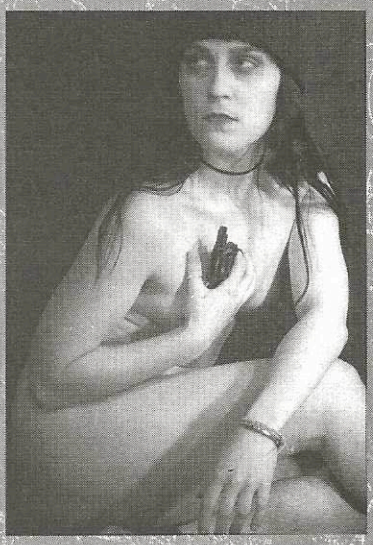
ON OUR BACKS July/August 1992 ~ Artist & Model: Treyce Cliona

I have this thing, this gun. I have this thing for this gun. Everybody knows about it—about the gun, not the thing. According to society it's either sex or violence. I say it's both. Or one becomes the other, or one is plagued by the other, or when I am around the other, or...

Did you ever want a gun? I mean really want it? Did you ever use a gun? Did you ever get one near you, really near your skin? Did you ever?

It's very cold.

Along with this gun I have this camera. Shot myself with this gun on my stomach, thigh, mouth, breasts. My legs were spread, so I placed the barrel facing my clit. Who is going to get off on this? Me, for one.



Is it possible to get off on this gun? I wanted to know, but the roll of film wasn't finished. So I waited until the last slide slid across the lens. Click!

All done. Not finished.

The gun was cold as I pressed it against myself, slid it across and down. Who am I going to tell about this? I know who.

Maybe I should slide it into my ass. What I want to do is put the barrel somewhere inside, just to feel the cold mixing with the hot. Chill the heat.

Finally I lay the gun beside me, next to terminator shades and rosary beads—all the things in my life that turn me on right now. They all fit together.

I didn't need that gun to get off. I still got these hands.

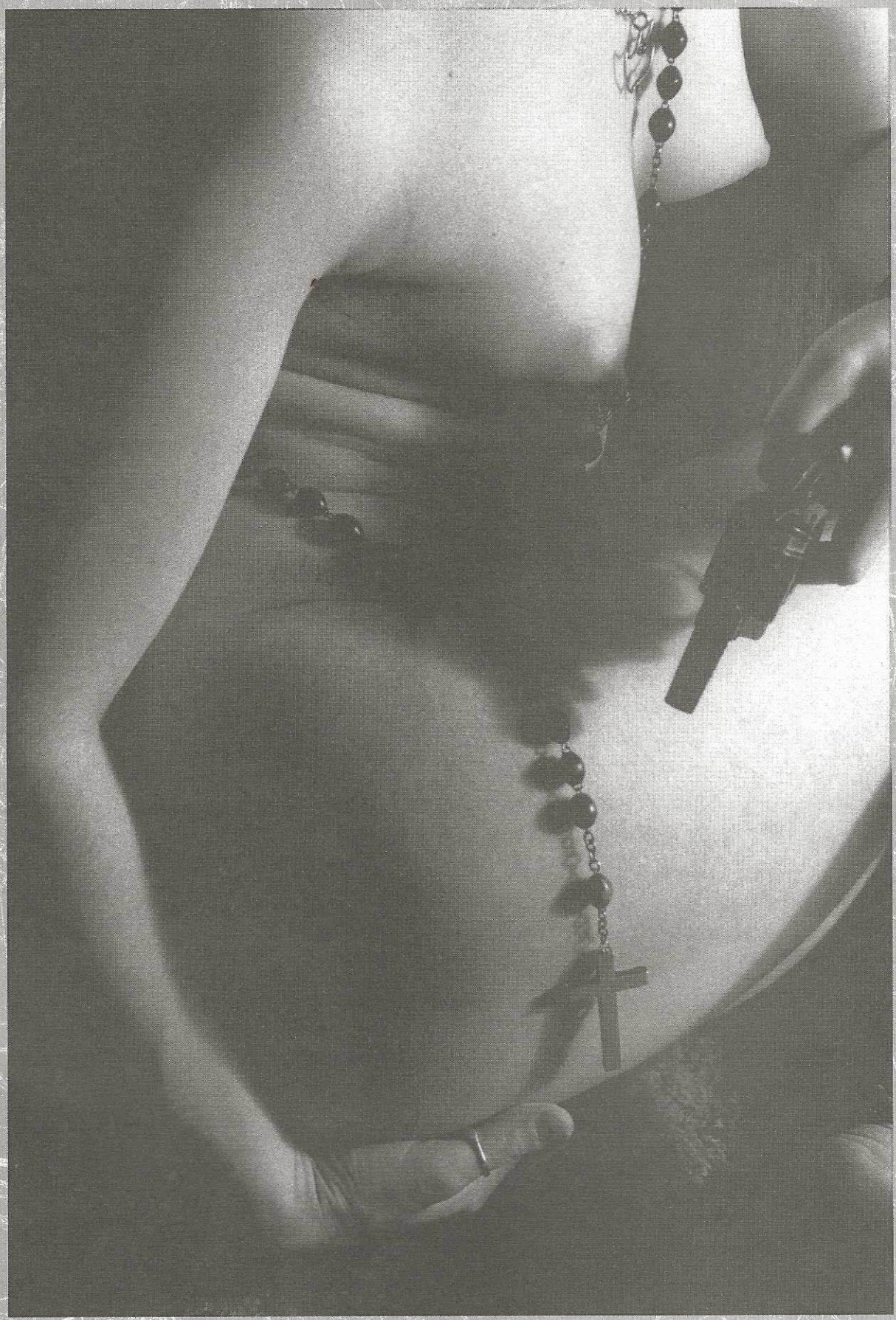


illustration by Molly Kiely

The Bookstore

fiction by Sara Whitman

The woman slowly lowered her mound onto Jean's face. Wild thoughts of every fantasy she'd ever had raced through her mind; she wanted to do them all...with this woman, whose name she did not even know.

Standing in front of the lesbian erotica section in New Words Bookstore, where she seemed to always end up lately, looking for Saturday night reading since her break-up with Ann, Jean Stivers let out a long sigh. In stark contrast to her banker's facade—possibly as escape from it—she loved reading stories about women getting picked up in strange places, having wild, passionate sex, then going on with their lives with nothing more than a smile on their face to show for it. She secretly yearned to step into the pages of one of the books, lose her inhibitions just once, and see what it would be like to truly exist in the moment.

The sound of floorboards creaking caused Jean to look up from the titles. A short woman with long black curly hair stood an arm's length away. Jean smiled and thought, "Yeah, here's your chance...good looking young babe next to you in the erotica section of a lesbian bookstore...you probably won't get your face slapped...just say, Hey, wanna have mad, passionate sex for a few hours, then never see each other again?"

She laughed to herself. What *would* everyone at the bank think? They saw Jean Stivers, professional woman, mid 30s, feminine, medium height, medium brown hair—surely not a sex tigress ready to leap on her defenseless prey.

(Continued on page 40)

Betrayal of Passion

Lesbians in battering relationships have seldom spoken about what it is like to touch, be touched by, kiss, caress, & have sex with their abusive lovers.

My lover and I are two of the hundreds of dykes on bikes who kick off New York's Gay Pride parade. For blocks we ride through the streets of New York City; as we round each corner the crowd screams, cheers, and flirts. Our journey ends in the Village, where we line our bikes up in front of the Cubbyhole, a local dyke watering hole. Then we unzip our leather jackets, balance ourselves on our bikes, and pose, just sitting there looking cool and cruising the girls cruising us.

After an hour of posing we slide off our bikes and saunter around the Village. One year my partner and I were accompanied by her best friend Allie, an older dyke biker. As we approached the corner I, with my arm around my cute girlfriend, peered down the street to my left. Two women leaned against a wall, one grasping a beer bottle between her hands. The look on her face was one I'd seen before: mean, drunk, surly. The other woman reached out as if to touch the one holding the bottle. Suddenly, the woman with the bottle swiped her partner's hand away, calling her a "fucking bitch." Unsteadily she spun on her heel, stepped into the street, and started to walk away. Her partner followed, pleading with her to come back, and grabbed her shoulder. The woman spun around, letting her beer bottle drop to the pavement. Then she smashed her lover directly in the face, causing her to stumble and cry out in pain. Still, the struck woman again reached out to her partner.

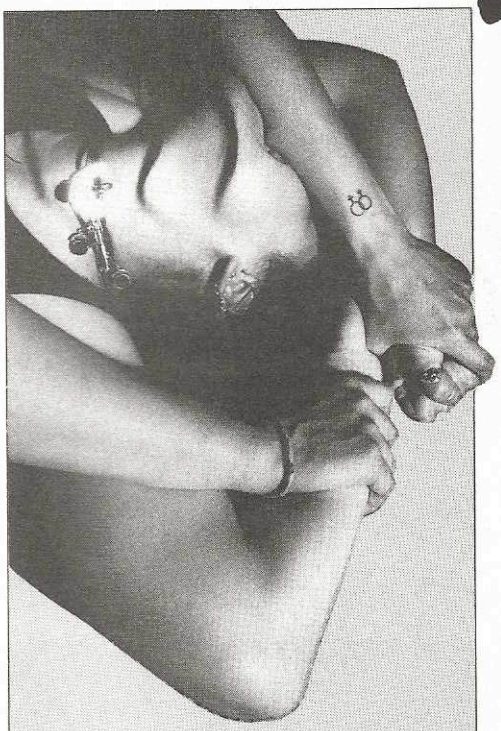
"Get the fuck away from me, you fucking cunt," her lover yelled, hitting her again.

For me time had stopped. I was visibly shaking. I couldn't breathe. No longer was I amid a cheering crowd of lesbians and gay men celebrating our pride. No longer was I beside my lover and friend. I was virtually encased in those two women's bodies.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my back. I flinched and turned, ready to strike out. It was Allie, who whispered, "It's okay. It's okay." I started to cry. My lover moved to comfort me.

I turned back to watch the two fighting women. The batterer had started crying; her partner, who had been hit hard twice, was holding her, lovingly brushing back her damp hair. Arm in arm the women walked down the quiet side street, the abused one consoling her abuser. Both were smiling, as if relieved that the passionate confrontation was over. The entire scene lasted less than three minutes. ➤

By Wickie Stamps
Photography by Phyllis Christopher



WARNING SIGNALS OF ABUSE

There is no exact profile of a batterer. Some of the behavior listed below may not necessarily foreshadow violence. Additionally, any relationship can turn abusive at any point. However, there are some common patterns. The potential abuser:

- Blames you for anything that goes wrong
- Blames her problems on things outside herself
- Exhibits excessive jealousy
- Has unpredictable reactions, behavior that frightens you
- Engages in excessive alcohol and/or drug use
- Exhibits physical aggression and/or violence
- Threatens to harm you, herself, family, or animals
- Threatens to "out" you
- Attempts to control where you go and who you see
- Isolates you by preventing you from socializing with friends or family

A list of resources and hotlines is on page 44.

This is a story I know too well, too intimately. "Violence begets violence," our preacher used to say from the pulpit of our whitewashed Presbyterian church. Beside me sat my momma, who my daddy beat on a weekly basis; she herself used a leather belt on us. Next to me were my sister and brother, always next in line for my father's fury. As the years passed a stepmother would replace my momma in the beatings, and my brother would replace my father as my main opponent. In my teens and 20s my boyfriends would replace my brother's backhand, until, in 1975, I landed in a shelter for women in crisis.

In 1980 I came out as a lesbian. By 1990 I heard myself saying that I had been hit by as many women as men. And I would also admit that, though I'd never hit a woman, I had certainly spewed my share of rage in their direction. Although I worked in the battered women's movement for over five years, including intensive work on lesbian battering, neither I nor other women ever talked about my relationships. Other than vague statements about getting hit and grabbed by men and women, I had never really talked to or listened to other lesbians with similar experiences—until I took an assignment to write this article for about the sexual relationships of women in nonconsensually violent relationships. (I say "nonconsensual" to differentiate battering relationships from consensual s/m.)

Lesbians in battering relationships have seldom spoken about what it is like to touch, be touched by, kiss, caress, and have sex with their abusive lovers. In our interviews, however, lesbians in violent relationships repeatedly referred to the passion—emotional and sexual—which frequently drew them into the relationship, and kept them there. Their partners were often described as "intense" and "passionate." Sex was hot, and emotions—joy, sadness, and anger—ran deep. This "passion" is what makes your heart pound, your palms sweat and your cunt drip. This passion is often referred to as love.

But passion, in its archaic form, means suffering in the biblical sense—dying for another's sins. In its modern definition, passion means a powerful compelling emotion or feeling. The dictionary never mentions love.

Violent lesbian relationships are often known for their passion. Initially intense, larger-than-life emotions often accompany hot sex. But all too often this so-called passion spills into distorted emotions: rage expressed through hitting, excitement gained by intimidation. The intensity and passion which was at first so compelling, so lustful, quickly shifts to the more archaic form of passion—a scene in which someone must suffer against her will.

"I could no longer distinguish where the passion ended and the violence began," asserted Kara*, one of five women who agreed to share her story. "Christ, it sounds crazy, but Karen and I were on this edge where everything—psychologically, emotionally, physically and sexually—was incredibly hard to disconnect. My sexual desires were somehow mischanneled through the violence."

Like myself and others I interviewed, Kara was reluctant to define herself as battered, a batterer, or in a battering relationship.

"Well, I've been hit and had a lot of violence in my relationship, but I don't know if I would say I was battered," is the kind of thing I heard over and over again. I told women it didn't matter what they called themselves: Let's talk.

Fear motivated every single interviewee to request anonymity. Some were afraid their ex-lovers would find them; others just wanted, or needed, to tell their stories free from exposure. Others were scared that because their stories and their perspective didn't always fit into a neat theoretical category, the lesbian community would denounce them and invalidate their experiences.

It shook me up to discover that so many women had been in more than one lesbian battering relationship. Kara, a Native American, had, by the time she'd reached her early 40s, been in four such relationships. Julia, 50, has been in two relationships in which her female lovers verbally humiliated, hit, shoved, and bit her. She is ambivalent about calling herself a battered lesbian, identifying as a "mutual batterer," a term applied to someone who both batters and is battered by her lover—a concept generally rejected by the battered women's movement. Hannah, in her mid-20s, has been in three violent relationships with women, and insists that she and her lover were equally abusive. Martha is a formerly battered lesbian who works with hundreds of others. Vicki is a therapist who has worked with both battered lesbians and batterers. Throughout 18 hours of interviews with these five women, not a single tear was shed.

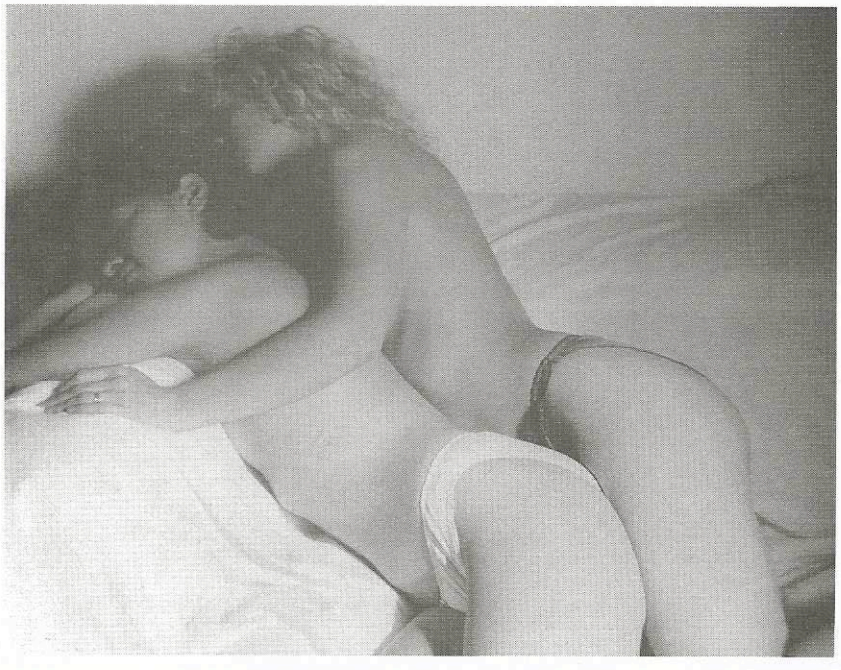
(continued on page 42)

*All the names in this article have been changed.

Camille et Colette

These photos are from "Pictures Without Walls," a collection by French Canadian photographer Odette Pelletier.

Pelletier uses photography to explore sensuality, especially among lesbians and other marginal citizens whose sexuality is so often stifled by taboos and prejudices. Pelletier believes that when people gaze upon this kind of intimate beauty, they just might find themselves falling in love.



The collection was shown in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, and will arrive in San Francisco in July.

photos by

Odette Pelletier

THE SLUTS AND GODDESSES VIDEO WORKSHOP

or How to Become a Sex Goddess in 101 Easy Steps
Beatty & Sprinkle Productions
PO Box 435 Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012
Available at Eve's Garden, New York and Good Vibrations, San Francisco

Tired of having to choose between being a Slut or a Goddess? What's that? You don't think you're a Slut? Right. It's Spring and your sap is rising. But how do you balance your respectful and correct Goddess-power with that ever-demanding itch that keeps trying to turn you into a Slut?

Annie Sprinkle, "the Shirley MacLaine of Porn," wants to help you own your Slut nature without disowning your Goddess self. Combining her sense of humor with the talents of producer/director Maria Beatty, she has created an entertaining video to help women explore the contradictory aspects of our sexuality.

Believing that both Sluts and Goddesses take themselves far too seriously, Sprinkle gives us the opportunity to laugh at and celebrate our sexuality and the many personas we can embody in its expression. It is an aesthetically pleasing experience.

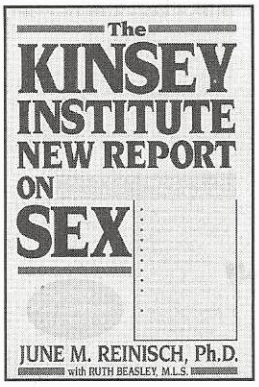
Differently shaped women of varied colors are a welcome visual treat. The music is experimental, and Beatty's background enhancement techniques are more elaborate than what you've most likely come to expect from a video. Watch Annie emerge from a cunt. Explore your sexual responses in a jungle, or under the moon. The collage-style format offers changing background themes and demonstrations which tumble together to surprise and delight the viewer.

There are also exercises, presentations of safe sex as sexy, demonstrations, and, the highlight of the video, Annie's full five-minute "megagasm."

The best way to watch this video is as if you were attending one of Annie's workshops. Breathe along with the women, and have fun with the exercises. The videomakers hope that friends will watch it together, in groups. Annie's statement of intent is, "I'd like women to enjoy the gift of their sensuality and their sexuality more and accept all the different aspects of it."

Indeed, this video is a labor of love, not a commercial venture. It was designed to be instructive and artistic, with the express purpose of educating audiences about the various aspects of women's sexuality.

So, are you a Slut or a Goddess? Watch this video and find out. You're probably both. —*Mimi=Freed*



THE KINSEY INSTITUTE NEW REPORT ON SEX

by June M. Reinisch, Ph. D. with Ruth Beasley
St. Martin's Press

The *Kinsey Institute New Report on Sex* is a big compendium of information that uses Dr. Alfred Kinsey's name to boost itself above the competition. Kinsey's groundbreaking work in the 40s and 50s revealed to the nation how many women and men had had homosexual experiences, and helped create the social conditions that birthed the homophile movement. When the *New Report* was published in hardback it too created a splash via a tailor-made publicity gimmick: a sex information poll was taken by researchers at the Kinsey Institute. "America Fails Sex Information Test," read the ensuing headlines. In this way, Reinisch and her colleagues made sure the press knew about their findings.

It shouldn't surprise anyone that Americans failed a sex ed test; we have practically no functional sex education in this country. Hundreds of thousands have no more thorough a grasp of sex facts than what they read in the papers—if they read at all.

Ironically, the bulk of the *New Report On Sex* is what you read in the papers: much of the book is a compilation of Reinisch's syndicated newspaper column. Like the column, the book is full of interesting, useful stuff. Much of Reinisch's "sex" information, though, is really about reproductive biology, and you may get through all 519 pages and still be wondering whether Reinisch was really talking to you. The book is very heterocentric, with absolutely no sense of lesbianism, gayness, and bisexuality as cultural phenomena, and little sensitivity about sexual and gender variation. In the most incredible instance of this heterosexist perspective, Reinisch says "[Children] should know that boys grow up to be men who ejaculate and impregnate and that girls grow up to be women who menstruate, gestate, and lactate."

Certainly many lesbian and bisexual women have reproductive concerns, but excuse me, when I think of sex I think of much more than *lactating*. In fact, when I think of gender I think of more than lactating. Reinisch may think she's included enough information for a crash course in sexual literacy, but glossing over sex and gender variations in what amounts to little more than newspaper-sized sound bites is not my idea of literate. Even the correct information she imparts is often inadequate: female-to-male transsexualism is dismissed with a few lines about the lack of feeling in a surgically-constructed penis, and no mention of genitoplasty, in which the clitoris is hormonally enlarged into a penis which maintains all erotic sensation.

Finally, this "literate" tome is full of references to studies which are never properly documented. Thus, there is no way for the reader to follow up on information such as, "[T]here is one study which suggests that anorgasmic women react negatively to erotic videos regardless of the content because they resist becoming sexually aroused." Which study? Whose? Where can we find it? Who knows? Content to be the authority dispensing information, the author doesn't tell us. All we get is a general "recommended reading" list at the end of each chapter.

The *New Report On Sex* covers a lot of territory, and it covers some of it well. But achieving literacy is a bigger task than Reinisch and her researchers suppose. Kinsey and his team saw the miracle of 20th century sexual variation unfold as they documented sex histories and analyzed statistics. Reinisch and her team chop it up so it'll fit on the pages of *USA Today*.

—*Carol Queen*

PIECE OF MY HEART: A LESBIAN OF COLOUR ANTHOLOGY

Edited by Makeda Silvera
Sister Vision Press

Canadian writer Makeda Silvera has put together an anthology of prose and poetry which is as much a portrait of the immigrant experience as of the lesbian experience. Many of the contributors are recent emigres to Canada from Asia, the Caribbean, and India. Native American and Arab writers are represented, as are some familiar authors from the U.S., including Audre Lorde, Chrystos, and Cheryl Clarke.

What they all have in common is the experience of otherness, both as racial minorities in white-dominated societies and as lesbians who fear rejection from their own cultures because of their lesbianism. Unfortunately, the lesbian community doesn't always provide a safe haven: "There are lesbian feminists who know nothing about working-class oppression and choose not to learn, who know nothing about Arab peoples and choose not to learn, who whitewash me and have the sheer weighty arrogance to presume they are doing me a favor..." (Joanna Kadi, "A Lesbian Love Letter")

The strongest pieces offer glimpses into lesbian life in other countries. Nice Rodriguez's descriptions of butch and femme identity in her native Philippines are fascinating, as are Makeda Silvera's pieced-together memories of allusions to "Man-Royals and Sodomites" during her childhood in Jamaica.

Other subjects include dating, homophobia, families, tokenism, and food. Much of the erotic poetry in a section entitled "Cravings" is evocative of ripe fruit in a warm climate, and the inclusion of recipes in this section is brilliant. Heat up with Caridad Rodriguez's story "The Plan," then cool down with Papaya and Mango Punch! With this much variety, any reader is sure to find something she can sink her teeth into.
—*Mindy Spatt*

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MISTRESS OF IRON *(from page 22)*

"No, I mean, yes I do have stuff I wanted to do, but that's not why, I mean, Christ, I just didn't know it was possible to do so many."

"How many did you think a champion like myself would do?" She sat up straight-backed and thrust her rib cage out, showing off her chest. "I mean, even if you don't know much about bodybuilding, you gotta figure we champs do lots and lots of sets to look the way we do, right?" She grinned.

"I never gave it any thought at all," I said. I could not keep my eyes off her chest. The pectoral muscles stood out in hard ridges, dripping with sweat, her nipples hardening as the moisture cooled her skin.

"What's your name, Stringbean?" she asked, wiping the sweat from between her breasts. I stared at her chest as she rubbed it with her towel. Her nipples were pointing through the spandex tank top; my clit was so stiff I was afraid everybody could see it poking out through my tights.

"Chris," I stammered. She considered it for a moment.

"You know, I believe I'll continue to call you Stringbean," she said.

"Whatever." Kiki could call me anything she liked as long as I could keep standing near her, working with her. The insides of my tights became slippery with sweat and juice and my head swam from the intoxication of her smells and mine beginning to blend in the air around us.

"Listen Stringbean, if you help me with the rest of my sets, I'll help you out with your training, okay? And if you hang around for all ten sets, you will get to see a very intensely gorgeously pumped-up-to-divine-proportions chest." She smiled and then peeked for a moment down the front of her tank top. "Stringbean, you know, I do believe it is happening already." She gestured an invitation to look. I leaned over and saw the amazing Kiki Kat cleavage, bare down to the nipples. I could hardly breathe. Her pectoral muscles were pumped full of blood, shiny with sweat and exertion, and my first impulse was to push my tongue down to lick them. My cunt was wet enough to load with barbells, and I guess my arousal showed. Kiki whooped with laughter.

"Gee, kid, you got it bad, don't you?" She smiled indulgently at me; all I could manage was a nod.

We did nine more sets. I felt like I was going to come just standing there watching her, but the only change that came over Kiki was that she sweated harder. She kept up the same slow, controlled pace, the same smooth form. The heat from her chest radiated into my hands, and the exposed part of her skin darkened with the intense infusion of blood. In between sets, she would leap up and pose briefly in front of a mirror, flexing one pectoral muscle, then another. The muscles tightened into steel ridges close beneath her flushed skin, pulling her breasts taut. Her chest was so densely muscled that she looked like an anatomy lesson. Each time I leaned over her for another set, I caught a whiff of her, metallic and sweet at the same time. Even her sweat was pretty. The heat boiled off her like light from the sun.

Watching Kiki pump blood into her muscles and move huge amounts of weight through space had sent messages to my brain and clit and cunt that they had never gotten before. My tights were soaked. Kiki and I had worked together almost as if we had been going hard at fucking. Almost. She looked at me after the last set and knew what I needed.

"Stringbean," she said quietly, "What do you say we indulge in a little sports massage?"

"Okay," I said.

Passing up the locker room, we gathered our gym bags and headed for the Sports Massage Room. It was really just a closet that had been enlarged and fitted out with a foam and vinyl covered platform, but all I cared about was that Kiki and I were alone in a room with a bed and gallons of massage oil. Kiki locked the door and took my bag to put it beside hers. She turned to me and smiled.

"Perfect," she said as she reached her hand around to squeeze my ass and pull me towards her. Her strength surprised me. I am more than a head taller than she is, but she held me right where she wanted me.

"I can smell your pussy from here, right through your tights," she said. She peeled my soaking wet tights off my hips, just far enough down so we could both see the swollen lips and hard clit peeking out. She got down on her knees to look directly into my crotch. My legs were bound close together by the tights, so I couldn't move them apart. She slid a finger across my clit and then deep into my cunt.

"Definitely very intensely gorgeously pumped-up-to-divine proportions," I whispered. Kiki stroked me with her hand, putting two, then three fingers into me. She trailed up my side with her tongue and sucked one of my nipples through my sopping t-shirt. She pulled the shirt up to expose one tit, and resumed sucking the nipple, tickling the underside with her tongue. She slowed down on her cunt-stroking and concentrated on my nipple, drawing it back on her tongue as her fingers moved back and forth over my whole labia. I pressed back onto the vinyl cover of the mattress, trying not to slide onto the floor. I could taste the sweat from my scalp and face dripping off my bangs and into my mouth, and I thought about licking the sweat off Kiki. The thought made me groan out loud; all that held me up now was the hand in my crotch and the mouth on my nipple. Kiki began to stroke faster with her hand. She was just licking the nipple now, teasing it into needing more. Her tongue was hot and slippery. My ass started to feel heavy, my cunt full of come. I could feel the ache of impending orgasm from belly to butt. As I started to come, Kiki bit my nipple hard enough to make me squeal and press my cunt harder into her hand. What seemed like buckets of hot liquid came pouring out of me.

Before the shuddering stopped, Kiki took her hand from between my legs and cupped my ass with the other. She held me close for a moment, then reached up on tiptoes to kiss me. Once I could focus again, she stripped off her tights and tank top, looking into my eyes the whole time. Naked, she was like a tiny carved statue, perfect in every detail. Her nipples looked like hard raspberry candies. I wanted to touch her, but I still thought of her as the one in command. I just stood there waiting. She put her hand between her own legs and slid it up to her cunt.

"What now?" she asked. Her voice had become deep and voluptuously soft; suddenly, I was beginning to have ideas of my own.

"Bend over," I said, the command now mine. "I want to look at your ass." Kiki seemed startled, but did as I asked. I reached into my gym bag and got out the butt plug and lube I keep in there for emergencies. Kiki's eyes widened, her smile changing from controlled mischief to uncontrolled lust.

"How did you know?" she said, bending over from the waist. I could see the trail of damp that ran down her back and in the slightly parted crack of her rock-hard ass. Her whole crotch was shaved, ready for competition, and the view of her cunt was spectacular. I had never seen

anything so gorgeous in my life, and I was panting to get up inside it.

"My, my, but you do come prepared," she said, looking between her knees at the plug.

"A wise woman once told me, come prepared or you might not get to come at all," I said. I lubed both the plug and my hand and began to probe Kiki's sweet, hairless hole with my finger. She sighed as I slid my finger in and out, getting her ready for the plug. She rocked against me, forcing my finger deeper into the tight hole. The muscles of her ass were flexed and rigid, the hole flexible and inviting. I bent over her, reaching around to roll and pinch one of her nipples between the fingers of my free hand. She moaned and pushed harder against me, so I slid my finger out of her and rubbed the head of the plug against her asshole, slowly starting to slide it up inside her. She pushed against me hard and got it all the way in. I bent down to kiss and bite her marvelous, springy flesh, leaving marks all over her upturned ass. Her muscles were so tight, so hard that just touching them made me feel like coming again. I stroked her thighs, pinching and kneading them between my fingers, knowing that her cunt was waiting for me, but unable to take my hands off the dense muscle. Finally, she put her hand in her own crotch, not moving it but just to steady herself, and I knew I had to pay attention. I licked and bit my way up her thigh until my tongue slid to meet her slippery clit. I reached around to hold the butt plug in place and sucked her clit into my mouth. It was so hard that it seemed separate from the rest of her, arching away from her and into my mouth. I held it with my lips and teased it with my tongue. Her abdominal muscles tensed like the proverbial washboard from holding her crotch hard against my face. Holding her ass, I could feel the striations harden beneath my grasp, the whole lower half of her body braced for the explosion of orgasm. I let my tongue linger, hot but not moving for a moment, until she moaned, "Lick me til I come, you fuck!" I rubbed my lips into her cunt and then jabbed my tongue onto her clit. She started coming in great waves of juice, and the plug jerked around inside her with each convulsion. I held her tight, my hand up her ass and my face buried in her cunt.

"Now I know what Arnold was talking about when he said that getting good pump was just like coming," I said.

I decided to get the permanent membership after all. Δ

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BOOKSTORE *(continued from pg 29)*

The young woman turned and smiled at Jean, who quickly looked away, worried that her thoughts might have been read. Her heart pounded in her ears; her face was flamingly hot.

"These things don't really happen," Jean thought. "It's just some horny writer's imagination making it possible for two women in a supermarket checkout line to end up in bed together. How do they end up in bed together?" Jean rubbed her brow, trying to remember the last story she'd read.

The short woman moved a little closer to Jean, whose heart was pounding even louder now, and knelt to examine the lower shelves. Jean stood frozen, warmth radiating from between her legs, wanting to either say something in a deep, sexy voice, or move on to the self-help section and figure out if this was the beginning of a mid-life crisis.

"Have you read this before? It's very good," the young woman said, holding up the last book Jean had read, the one with the supermarket encounter.

"Yes," she choked, her voice shaky. "Yes, it is." She jammed her trembling hands into her pockets.

The woman gazed into Jean's eyes for a long moment, then put the book back on the shelf, smiling as she looked away.

"This is crazy," Jean thought. "You are just a dirty old lady who needs a cold shower."

The woman stood and brushed against Jean, who let out a small gasp. She glanced sideways at Jean, her smile widening, and headed towards the door. Jean's heart dropped as she watched the long, dark curls retreat, then went over and grabbed the latest edition of Sojourner, figuring it might be better to read something politically correct, to bring her temperature down.

Stepping outside, she heard the woman's voice from behind.

"Hey."

Jean turned and faced the woman, who was leaning against the wall. Her face reddened. "Yes?"

"Did you like the story?"

"What story?" Jean's face flushed more.

"The supermarket story." There were sparks in the dark eyes, grinning, inviting.

"Yes." Her voice surprised her, coming out husky, from somewhere deep within.

"Well?" The woman drew closer, hands in her pockets, head tilted suggestively to one side.

Jean took a deep breath and reminded herself that it was 4:00 on a Saturday afternoon in Boston, that this woman did in fact exist, and that she was propositioning her.

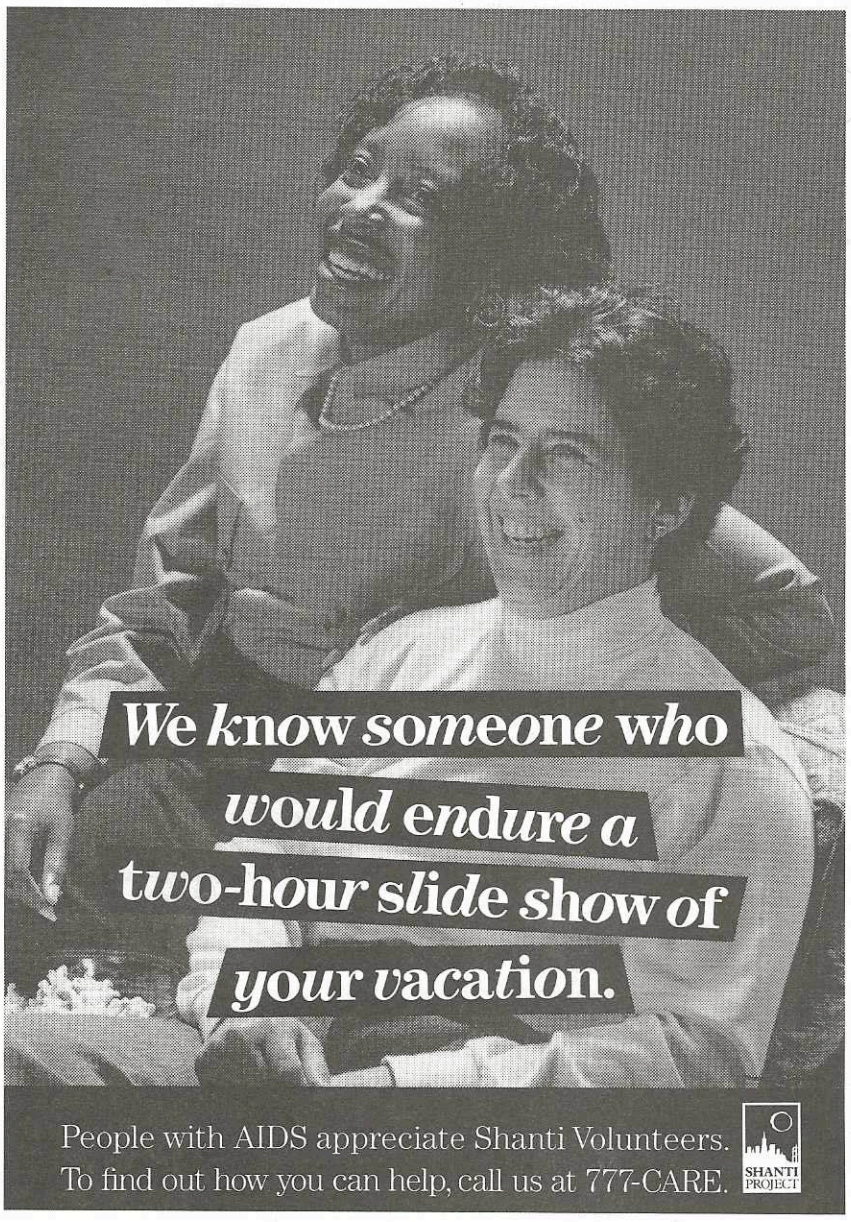
"My car is across the street," Jean said, surprised by the voice coming from her mouth, sensual and impatient. The woman nodded.

In the car, Jean's head was spinning. Should she be doing this? It felt so unreal. The woman's hand was on her thigh, moving slowly upward, towards the throbbing between her legs. When she stopped just short of touching her heat, Jean let out a moan.

"I can't do this," she thought, her mind racing, trying to figure out how to get out of it. The woman leaned over and circled her ear with her tongue, then quickly thrust it in. A shudder ran up Jean's spine.

Amazingly, she found a parking space within a block of her Sommerville apartment. As they walked up the stairway, the young woman grabbed her from behind, pressed her against the wall, and kissed her hard, thrusting her tongue deep inside her mouth, repeatedly, rhythmically.

"No tea drinking today," Jean thought, holding on to the railing behind her with both hands. She closed her eyes and the woman gripped her crotch, pulling up so the ridge of her jeans pressed against her, making her knees buckle. The woman kissed her neck, then started rubbing hard against her throat with her tongue, while her other hand caressed Jean's breast. Jean swore silently that she was going to remember this the next time she was bitching to herself about choosing an apartment with so many stairs to climb. The woman squeezed her nipple hard,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and a long moan escaped Jean's lips and echoed in the hallway.

As much as she wanted her here and now, Jean knew that her next door neighbor Mrs. Devaney with her ultra-sensitive hearing aid was likely to appear at the top of the stairs at any moment. The woman's hand moved from between Jean's legs to fumble with her zipper, then pulled her jeans down to her knees.

Panic swept over Jean. "Not here," she whispered. The woman ignored her; silently she knelt and spread Jean's lips apart, placing her tongue on her clitoris.

"Oh, yes," Jean moaned. To hell with Mrs. Devaney. With her eyes closed, she concentrated on the warm, soft tongue moving up and down her clitoris, which was hardening. Opening her eyes and seeing the top of the woman's head and her pants at her knees, she shook with the urgency to come. The tongue started moving faster, lightly flicking over the tip of her clitoris, causing her to push her hips out even farther.

"Please," she whispered. Her body surged, and she came explosively.

Quickly she reached down and pulled up her pants, not wanting to push her luck. The woman looked up at her, mouth glistening.

"Let's go inside now," Jean said, searching for her keys, unable to think clearly, her head still spinning, her mound still throbbing.

Jean closed the apartment door and watched the woman walk into the living room. She stood awkwardly at the entrance for a moment.

"Would you..." Jean started, then stopped, not sure of what to say to this beautiful young goddess who had just licked her madly in the hallway. The woman held out her hand to Jean, leading her to the small gray chair.

"Sit," she urged in a husky low voice, and Jean did. Standing in front of her, she slowly unbuttoned her shirt, revealing large, voluptuous breasts with dark hard nipples, then unzipped her pants to expose her dark pubic triangle, already glistening wet. She tried to pull her close, but the woman firmly refused, and pushed her back into the chair.

"This way," she said, climbing up and placing one knee on either armrest, her hands holding on to the back. Jean slid down in the seat, reached up, squeezed, and released the large nipples hanging in front of her. The woman slowly lowered her mound onto Jean's face. Wild thoughts of every fantasy she'd ever had raced through her mind; she wanted to do them all, now, with this woman, whose name she did not even know. She wanted to make her come, here, straddled above her in the chair, and anywhere else she could think of.

The woman arched, back and forth, moving faster, shuddering, moaning. Jean put two fingers inside her, making the woman cry out. Beads of sweat dripped off her. Jean knew what to do because it was what she wanted. Quickly, she moved her fingers in and out, darting her tongue back and forth, then suddenly stopping the movement of her fingers, she pressed hard against the woman's clitoris with her tongue. The woman screamed in ecstasy, her body quaking, rocking. After climaxing twice, her whole body was shaking.

"No more," she pleaded. Jean stopped moving her hand, pulling out as the woman carefully lowered herself off the armrests and onto Jean.

"Come with me," she said, and led the way into her bedroom, wanting to take her clothes off, to touch skin to skin.

THE ALARM WENT OFF.

Jean bolted upright in her bed. Seeing the covers kicked onto the floor, she took a deep breath, exhausted by her dream.

"That'll teach you," she mumbled to herself as she went into the bathroom, remembering the two chocolate orgasms from Rosie's bakery and the steamy book she'd read before falling asleep.

That afternoon, Jean went to the New Words Bookstore, and while standing in front of the lesbian erotica section, a young woman with dark, curly hair walked over and glanced up from the titles for a moment to smile at Jean.

Jean immediately moved to the self-help section to look for a book on dreams.Δ

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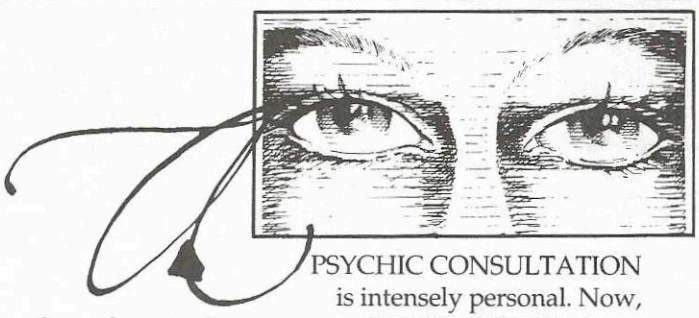

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SEX AS FUEL

Each of these women found themselves in violent relationships with women they were having sex with. None of them had a clue of the impending violence that would shortly erupt: it was hidden behind the face of a woman they were deeply attracted to, a woman called a lesbian lover. But violence—verbal, mental, spiritual, and physical—gradually became a constant. It ate away at every facet of the relationship and isolated each woman.

It is common for battered lesbians to become trapped in what Martha calls "a treadmill of emotional battering" that crushes self-esteem. The glue that holds the trap together is love. The abuser, who can be incredibly loving and charming, tells the abused that she loves her, that there's nothing wrong with the relationship. So love, along with intense sexual passion, is woven throughout these relationships.

"From the beginning there was such passion between us," says Hannah who, during a fight with her lover, scaled a two-story apartment building to get at her. Hannah has had several relationships since her violent one, and fears she will never have sexual passion again—a passion which exceeded all other relationships—without the violence. "I want to be aflame in a relationship," she says. "And yes, I do want to be in a relationship that has as much passion as I had with Nancy—but without the hitting and screaming."

Hannah has found every relationship since the one with Nancy to be incredibly gentle, but sexually and emotionally dispassionate. "I like being loud and rowdy," she says. "It even feels like passion to raise my voice. I'm a big character and I need someone who can meet my power. In my relationship with Nancy, I had a place where I could yell, could feel my passion—as could she. I knew that my partner didn't get lost by my power."

Vicki, who counsels battered lesbians, says it's common to hear them describe confusion about sensations. "Sometimes I think that there's a way the violence is completely connected to or confused with passion and pleasure. For some lesbians there's a blurring between pain, fear, and sex."

Hannah's experience confirms this. "It was weird," she says. "After a fight my lover and I would have these glorious, compassionate moments of real intimacy. We were really close. Then, boom, the fights would start again."

SEX AS WEAPON

Once the violence begins, the sex quickly takes on new dimensions. As the conflicts arise, sex, initially an act of pleasure, becomes transformed into a tactic for resolving or dodging conflicts which have no resolution. Sex—giving it, receiving, or withholding—is no longer about love. Stripped of all pretenses, at its most brutal level sex can become a weapon to punish and gain power over one's partner.

It can become a means for the battered lesbian to mollify the abuser's rage. "Sex gets the batterer to calm down, and hopefully softens the violence," says Martha. She has listened to countless women in support groups talking about how they've used sex to appease their abuser's wrath.

On the batterers' side, they often use sex as a means of demeaning their partners. "If you're a batterer and you want to hook someone, sex is a wonderfully effective tool. It's one of the most vulnerable spots for women," says Martha.

"A fight will start, partners will threaten to break up, then both will give in and have sex," explains Vicki, who believes that for both partners the sex is based more in fear than in pleasure-seeking. She asserts that the fear is "not about maintaining the relationship, but an old, intrapsychic fear, a fear bigger than the relationship, a fear not just of losing their partner, but of losing everything."

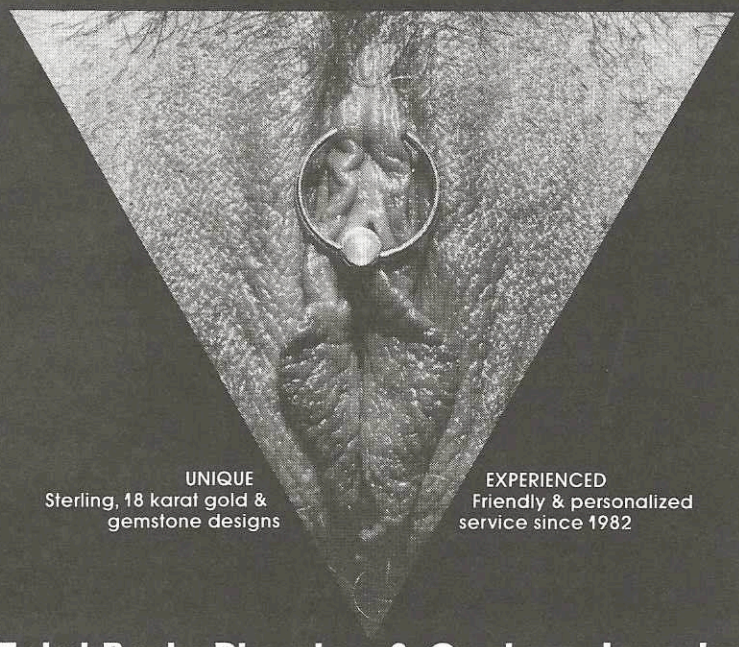
The stakes around sex begin to rise as it becomes a means to short-circuit an abuser's rage.

"Once the violence began, I thought that by having sex with Trish she would release a lot of the energy that she used to beat me," asserts Julia. As we talk she points to the bruises on her arms inflicted by her lover, who had beaten her badly enough to warrant a trip to the local emergency room. Julia maintains that sex with Trish was exceptionally passionate.

Frequently after a violent confrontation a batterer will request sex from her partner. "The battered lesbian could be bleeding and the batterer will say, "Let's make love," and the battered lesbian will do it, even though she didn't want to," says Martha, who claims that most battered lesbians are coerced into having sex.

Julia says that her lover claimed the reason for her violence was sexual frus-

RAELYN GALLINA



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tration. "I think she just wanted me to be sexually available, and If I wasn't she'd get very upset." Julia says that sometimes, after her lover was physically and verbally abusive, she'd come upstairs to the bedroom and want to start making love. "I would say no and she'd get very upset because I wasn't coming across sexually for her." In hindsight, Julia says she is deeply confused, that she often used sex as a vehicle to appease her batterers. "I started thinking that maybe I was making myself a victim just to do anything she wanted, just to please her sexually. I can't say that I didn't like the sex we had. I did. But now I'm confused."

Similarly, the power struggle in Hannah's relationship was "definitely connected to the sex. My relationship was a power struggle that no one ever won. We were incredibly competitive, as I always am." Furthermore, if her lover had won the power struggle, "I would have stopped being sexual with her. If I had won she would have stopped being sexual with me."

According to Hannah, no one ever won, but "the constant vying for power and sex was an important component to our relationship."

A good sexual relationship can confuse the issues confronting women in violent relationships.

"As a battered lesbian, you begin to wonder how could someone you connect with so well physically and sexually be so bad," says Martha. "You think you must love this person if you can make love like this."

SEX AS SAVIOR

If the sex is particularly good, or the best part of a violent relationship, lesbians may see it as the only thing left to reconnect with their partner.

"One lesbian I worked with used to say that by having sex or by doing something sexual with the partner who beat her, 'the monster would go away and my lover would come back,'" says Martha. Thus, sex in a battering relationship can be a "real hook, a real mindfuck."

Within many battering relationships there can be the hope that, if one fixes the sexual relationship or has really great sex, then everything will be okay. Since communication is increasingly fragmented and eventually shatters into physical and verbal abuse, sex is often the only avenue left for women to possibly retrieve a disintegrating relationship.

"There is this belief in a battering relationship that sex is going to be the savior," says Vicki. "Sex is what women see as a way out of their entrapment, out of the mistreatment."

With the entire future of the relationship resting on the sex, it isn't surprising that sex can take on an emotional intensity that was absent before the violence.

"After the fighting there was an intensity to our lovemaking which was different than before all the violence began," explains Julia. "There was this big release of energy through the fighting and then the sex afterwards somehow released some more of the anxiety between us." Her relationship ended less than one month ago. She described how her partner would break down the door to get her, throw things at her, tell her she was stupid, and then demand sex.

This spilling of emotional intensity into sex is common in lesbian battering relationships.

"My lover Sarah, who was incredibly jealous of me being around men, once came into the house and started smacking me around," says Kara. "I decided I wasn't going to take this so I fought back, and then afterwards, we went right back into making love, and everything was fine—until the next time."

And good sex may keep a lesbian in a violent relationship. "Good sex can make it very hard for a woman to leave the relationship where there's that passion, love, and intensity," says Martha.

Despite her promises to herself to stay away from her abuser, and the ongoing encouragement of her support group, Julia found herself one day sitting outside her abuser's job, hoping to see her. "I sat on the bench outside and when I saw her walk by there was this feeling of energy

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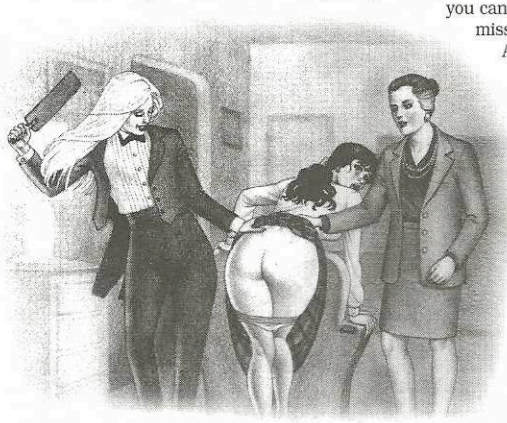

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and excitement that went though me. Pins and needles came through my chest. I really miss the sex. That's one of the reasons I keep going back. I miss the sex."

But as the violence escalated, each woman started avoiding sex with her lover. There came a point when the raw, uncontrolled violence was so high that they stopped having any form of sex. None of the relationships these women were in has survived. All of the women have—but barely.

In my life, nonconsensual violence left me stripped of my eroticism—until recently, I had to be drunk to even have sex. To reclaim my sexuality I have been forced to look at where I lost it and who I let steal it. It's taken a lot of hard work—through therapy, recovery programs, yoga, and meditation—to recover my lust. I am not doing this healing work alone, but with a small circle of friends and professionals who are with me every step of the way. It is possible to have hot, wild sex and a relationship filled with excitement, without paying a price. Not easy, but possible.

I recently ritualized the reclamation of my sexuality by having my clitoral hood pierced. One of the fabulous and very sexy dykes in my life did the honors. After a long night of smoldering sex play with several of my buddies, I—in full femme drag—hoisted my tight, black skirt up around my waist, exposed my garters, and unbuttoned my top. Then, in front of five friends, I laid down on the edge of the bed and, following my piercer's instructions, masturbated. My piercer knelt between my legs, my lover curled up against my knee, another friend rubbed my tits, and two others held my hands.

After I was pierced and ringed, I laid there and cried. I felt proud of my courage, but ashamed that for so many years I'd let so many people treat me, my body, and my sexuality so badly.

Nonconsensually violent relationships, including those with lesbians, was one of the places where I was robbed of my passion and lust. Lust is a powerful force, and is often linked to violence in subtle or overt ways. By denying any connection between the two, by refusing to acknowledge that one can feel sexual towards an abuser, we silence the voices of lesbians who have an important story to tell—voices of lesbians who have lived on the edge, and are struggling to reclaim their passion from others' violence. They can only do that when we're ready to listen to them. Δ

Betrayal of Passion

IF YOU NEED HELP

If you are in an abusive relationship, the first step in taking care of yourself is to get help. We've compiled this partial listing of resources for battered women. You can also find listings in the front of your local telephone book. Not all domestic violence agencies have services that are geared specifically towards lesbians. If the agencies in your area do not explicitly say they are lesbian-sensitive, you can still call. If you recieve no help, try contacting a gay and lesbian health collective, or a local lesbian therapist.

Ann Arbor, MI
Domestic Violence Inc
313-973-0242

Berkeley, CA
Pacific Center
510-548-8283

Hartford, CT
Gay & Lesbian
Health Collective
203-278-4163

Massachussetts
Coaliton of Battered
Women's Service Groups
617-426-8492

Minneapolis, MN
Lesbian Battering
612-646-6177
Minnesota Survivors
Network
612-645-5679

New York, NY
Gay & Lesbian Anti-Violence
Project
212-807-6761

San Francisco, CA
San Francisco Woman Inc.
415-864-4777 (24 hours)
Asian monolingual only
415-731-7100

Santa Rosa, CA
Emergency Shelter
707-546-7115

Seattle, WA
206-282-9314

National
Domestic Violence Hotline
(This is a national referral number you can call to find domestic violence services in your area. It is not geared toward services for lesbians.)
1-800-333-SAFE

CLIT CULTURE *(continued from page 11)*

Also, it is possible that these protests conceal differences between gay male audiences and lesbian audiences. It would be interesting to find out if as many lesbians were offended by *The Silence of the Lambs* and *Basic Instinct* as were gay men. After all, both films feature strong female characters in positions of power. It is possible that the so-called "offensive" images provoked outrage largely from men because they're not accustomed to seeing women hunt and stalk male prey.

The protesters claim that Hollywood never gives us any positive images of gay men and lesbians, that they only show queers as killers and psychopaths. But what about the so-called positive depictions they do give us? We tend to consider films like *Fried Green Tomatoes* "positive," as gay- or lesbian-sensitive. I'll go out on a limb here and say that I would rather see lesbians depicted as outlaws and destroyers than as cozy, feminine, domestic, tame lovers. *Fried Green Tomatoes* received awards from GLAAD (Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation) and other gay and lesbian groups for its "outstanding depiction of lesbians in a film." Well, I may have blinked for a moment, but I didn't see any lesbians in that film. I saw two women "friends" who were close and affectionate but who never kissed, never really touched. At least in *Basic Instinct* women kissed and fondled each other.

The Idgie character in the film version of *Tomatoes* was a far cry from the hard-drinking, card-playing, whore-visiting butch of Fannie Flagg's novel. In the novel, Idgie is often mistaken for a boy; the film erases all of Idgie's fundamental masculinity, and it does so precisely because her butchness would have suggested the lesbian nature of the relationship.

Invisibility can, in fact, do much more danger than visibility. But we don't hear about protesters outraged by the invisible butch and the muted lesbianism in *Fried Green Tomatoes* because it's a feel-good film—despite the fact that it too implicates lesbians in the killing of men. We think of it as "positive," and of *Basic Instinct* as "negative."

Positivity and negativity are not the best standards to use when measuring the political impact of any given representation. We need to put more creativity into our interpretations—parodying their stereotypes, outing lesbian wanna-be's, and using Hollywood to promote our own basic instincts. Δ

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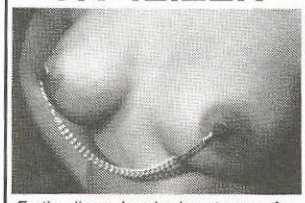
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SHOWER WITH A FEMME
In need of a body buddy...I'm tall, semi-lean and work out in Hollywood at Holiday Spa. Would love to have pal to sweat with. I'm femme looking for femme. Looking forward to hot tub discussions. Save water, shower with a femme. ☎ 1377

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ARE YOU BUTCH ENOUGH?
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ROMANCE / RELATIONSHIP

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LOOKING FOR LOVE
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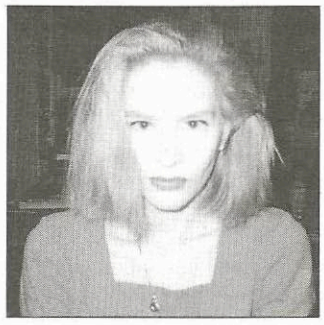

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You don't fit into any particular scene, but you like to evoke power play both sexually and intellectually. You're tired of fashion as ego, and you prefer suede to black leather, but you love to push limits of male/female, pleasure/pain. ✍ 911

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GF, 25, is bored, bored, bored with tree huggers. Vacationers welcome. No alcohol, drugs, politics please. You, me, my bike, the ocean & a rack of good tunes 10–3? 10–4. ☎ 1346

MAIDEN IN DISTRESS
Tall, sensuous young woman desperately seeks companionship with generous mistress. ☎ 1327

SMEAR MY LIPSTICK
Shred my clothes, throw me on the bed hogtied with your favorite silk scarf. Sink your hand into me. Harder, harder, make me scream—too much? Not enough! Give me more! ☎ 1338

LOOKING FOR LOVE
GWF, 30, trains thoroughbred racehorses in Maryland. Looking for that special woman with whom to share life and love. No drugs or s/m. Don't know about butch/femme—I just love women. Please call! ☎ 1321

TIME FOR AN LA AFFAIR
37 yr old, LA dyke with heavy ass & Liz Taylor eyes. I like black lace & leather, expensive champagne, toys and a good ___. I'm honest, aware, & open to exploration. Must be safe & clean. No bi's. ☎ 1326

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WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED?
Female gentleman would be pleased to squeeze your peaches, shake your tree, eat your crumpets, drink your tea. I'm quixotic; like candlelight dinners, slow dancing, conversation. Am 29, 5'10", athletic. Where art thou? ☎ 1324

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In need of a body buddy...I'm tall, semi-lean and work out in Hollywood at Holiday Spa. Would love to have pal to sweat with. I'm femme looking for femme. Looking forward to hot tub discussions. Save water, shower with a femme. ☎ 1317

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TUCSON DADDY
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GWF 37 femme, submissive, seeks patient, firm teacher for initiation into s/m. Train me to be your fantasy. I want to worship you. Physical attractiveness, intelligence, strength, discretion a must. Hurt me, please. ☎ 1032

DOMINANT SEDUCTRESS
Tall, blonde, voluptuous Mistress, 30 yrs, seeks submissive slut for strict slave training. I am beautiful, cruel and demanding. Surrender yourself to this sexy, bitch Goddess. All humble pleas, and neophytes considered. Phoenix, Az. ☎ 1056

MIAMI GIRL NEEDS TOP
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TALK TO ME
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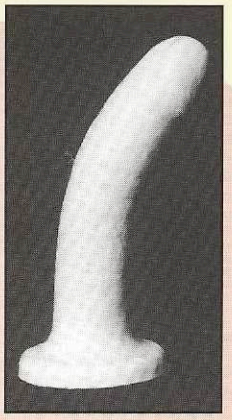

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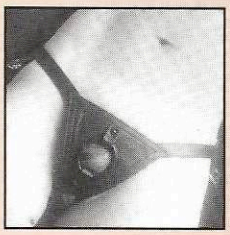

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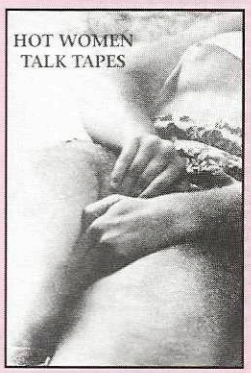

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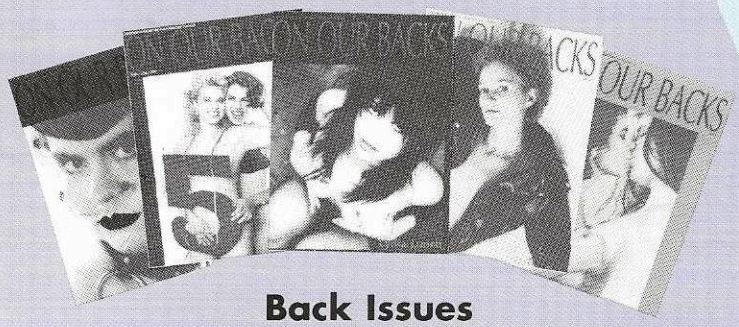

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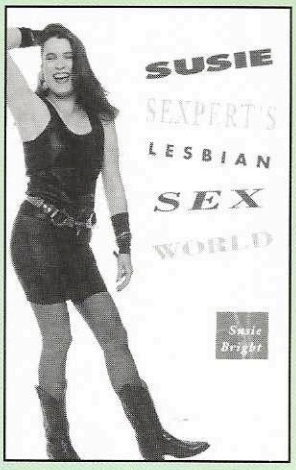

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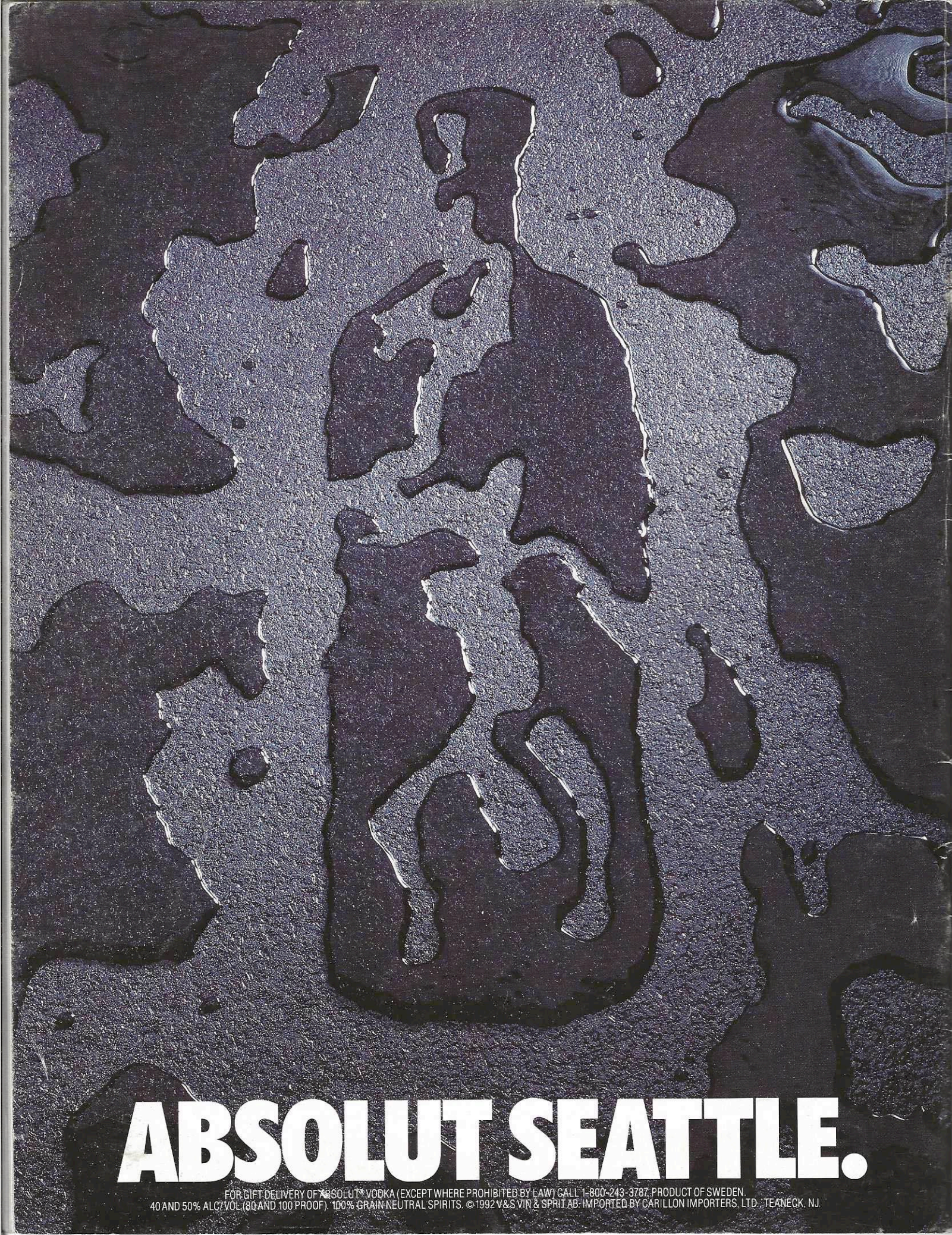

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